

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XVII.—No. 430. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1905.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



MISS ALICE HUGHES,

LADY VIOLET ELLIOT.

52, Gower Street.



COUNTRY LIFE
The Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE COST OF . . . CHEAPNESS

IN the Fortnightly Review for April, Mr. W. S. Lilly has an article under this title which deserves the most careful consideration. In order to avoid misunderstanding we may say at once that his remarks have nothing to do with the Fiscal Question, and are not based upon the parrot's cry, "Your food will cost you more." On the contrary, it is a grave and careful investigation into the social conditions which make very cheap production possible. Mr. Lilly says bluntly that one item of the cost of cheapness is the chastity of young girls, and he marshals the following facts as inferential proof of the truth of the dictum: "Girls are paid 3s. 6d. per dozen for making ulsters; from 5d. to 7d. per dozen for making children's pinnafores, and they have to find their own cotton; 1s. 4d. per dozen for nainsook chemises trimmed with lace or embroidery—these are sold at 1s. 4d. each; from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per dozen for making night-dresses with toby frills; 2s. 9d. per dozen for making workmen's shirts; 9d. each for covering umbrellas, including the cutting out; 1s. 3d. each for making blouses which a skilled workman could not finish in less than a day; 1s. 2d. for making a lined skirt with striped flounce and

stitching—a good worker, it is calculated, working at high pressure, could turn out eight of these in a week; 2s. 3d. for making a bell-shaped skirt with seven seams, lined and strapped with 36yds. of satin strapping; and 1d. a pair for making 'golf knickers, complete.' If this contention can be substantiated, it ought to make every purchaser who honours purity hesitate before he buys anything at any price that seems less than reasonable. The only force that can be brought to bear against the state of things thus unfolded is that of a healthy public opinion, and no trouble will be spent in vain that helps to develop it.

The second point made by Mr. Lilly is that cheapness leads to an unspeakable degradation of family life. His method of proof may not, perhaps, give entire satisfaction to the economist but it is very effective. He tells the tale of a widow who in mitigation of punishment as a thief, said to the magistrate "I had to make forty coats for ten shillings, and I can make a coat for you, sir, for three pence. I got three shillings a dozen, and had to pay a girl something for pressing them. When I paid my rent I had scarcely anything left; I am sorry." Similar cases may, of course, be obtained by the dozen from the police reports. But this is not all. The lowness of the wage compels economy in house rent, with the result that overcrowding is one of the commonest of evils. His third factor in the cost of cheapness is the case of multitudes of men, women, and children employed in dangerous trades, and in substantiation of his argument he quotes Mr. and Mrs. Webb, who say, "In the majority of industries it costs less, whether in the form of an annual premium, or in that of an occasional lump sum out of profits, to compensate for accidents." Thus it would seem to be fairly established that there are three items in the cost of cheapness. The first is the purity of the girls in those classes which are engaged in daily work. The second is the overcrowding and consequent degradation which are the necessary result of very small wages. The third is the exposure of work-people to danger which might be avoided. But the practical question that arises is how we are to deal with these grave difficulties. The root of the whole matter lies in the ancient injunction that we should buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, or, in the words of a later writer, "The proposition that every man desires to obtain additional wealth with as little sacrifice as possible is, in political economy, what gravitation is in physics: the ultimate fact beyond which reasoning cannot go."

It has never been our cue to follow the wayward prophets of the new political economy, who drive helter-skelter they know not why and they reck not whither; and yet the case, presented as it is by Mr. Lilly, compels us to ask if the old doctrine of *laissez-faire* is really the sum-all and the end-all of human wisdom. We have to remember that, when the doctrine was enunciated, competition had not led to the forms that have been developed since. Indeed, the elder economists knew and cared little about the mere toilers. They were concerned chiefly with the capitalists, and the doctrine about buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest was certainly devised for capitalists, small and great. The effects that we have to consider were not foreseen a century ago. As Mr. Lilly points out, "The great economic problem of to-day is not production but distribution," and distribution must obviously affect the poor and needy much more than those who are well off from the world's point of view. The question which Mr. Lilly asks ironically is, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But his reply that a national minimum wage is the obvious completion of factory legislation does not strike us as being practical. It would take a long time to examine and analyse the foundations of his argument, but there are facts and forces in political economy that cannot be got rid of. He appeals to the successful experiments of Victoria and New Zealand; but to establish his case it would be necessary to turn away from sparsely-peopled colonies, and devote attention to the great centres of industry. Furthermore, his comparisons are not quite complete. The poor we have always with us, so also we have the sick, the degraded, the impotent, and the constitutionally rotten. Nor is it possible to look forward to a period of time when these blots on human life can be rubbed off and done away with. They have existed since ever time was, and the scientific method is not to go among the poverty-stricken districts and exclaim about the vice and decay, but to compare time with time and see if our motion is retrograde or progressive. Yet in saying this we do not wish to undervalue the work done by Mr. Lilly. He is acting a worthy part in trying to form and ripen public opinion, and in that alone will be found a true and lasting remedy.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Violet Elliot, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto.

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MR. HENNIKER HEATON and his friends have good reason to rejoice that the end of a long agitation has been crowned with success. Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, has just made public the announcement that henceforth there will be a penny post from England to Australia, and that letters from Australia to England will be carried for 2d., the rate which is charged for home letters by our colonists. It would be difficult to exaggerate the advantages likely to be derived from this arrangement. When the penny post was established in Great Britain, few people dreamt that this simple measure was to have a greater effect on civilisation than many of the ambitious reforms clamorously advocated on platforms and in the Press; but it knit the people of this country together as they had not been before, and we have every reasonable ground for hoping that the ties of kindredship between ourselves and Australia will be tightened by the establishment of this Imperial penny post.

A singular occurrence, that would have a touch of comedy in it were the situation not so tragic, is the challenge of the Russian Finance Minister to a newspaper editor. What the Russian representative says in effect is that the journalist should come and see how solvent is the Czar; but, of course, his proposition is childish. It seems probable enough that the Russian Government holds bullion to the extent of from £65,000,000 to £90,000,000 against notes and bonds officially issued; but it would be a task of long duration to count and check. The challenge, in fact, can only be described as a piece of bravado, or an invitation to sightseers. We can scarcely expect that it will have an appreciable influence in helping the Russians to obtain the loan they are in search of.

In the artistic world there has been the usual excitement during the past week. Saturday last was the final day for sending in pictures to the Royal Academy, and Piccadilly, as usual, amused the lounging and the man about town by being thronged by waggon-loads of canvases. It is the annual review and examination of the work done during the preceding twelve months, and though, in the opinion of some, the Academy discharges its duty in a somewhat feeble manner, enough is done to show the stimulus that might be applied to art if the Academy lived more up to its own ideal. It is very difficult for the mere looker-on to realise the hopes and fears of those whose work is now submitted to the judgment of experts. Few are able to estimate the value of what they themselves have done, as the eye, from constantly looking at the same picture, gradually becomes blind to its defects—often, alas! too painfully visible to those who come to it strange and fresh. On the other hand, one who has tried to achieve some great effect, in many cases is so conscious of his failing short that he is quite ignorant of the greatness of what he has done. Thus there are pleasant surprises, as well as disagreeable ones, awaiting the company of artists.

The outcry that has been raised by the Royal Sanitary Institute for municipal farms to supply milk is certainly one that demands consideration, although it was supported by statements that are, to say the least, extravagant. Dr. Groves, for instance, could scarcely be justified in describing the ways of dairy farmers as disgusting. There may be here and there an exception, but the general improvement in cleanliness and sanitary arrangements of the average English homestead is beyond all dispute. Most of the objectionable practices are to be traced to the retail dealer. For example, what guarantee have we that the tins in which milk is commonly sold are properly scalded and cleansed after use? Again, it is notorious that milk, when it comes into the hands of the London consumer, is, in spite of the activity of the sanitary inspectors, to a large extent adulterated. The London householder, if he did his duty in this respect, would have samples of the milk analysed periodically.

The problem to which a solution is required may be easily stated—it is to get the milk in its pure state, as it comes from the cows, transferred to the consumer. Against sterilisation many objections can be urged. In the first place, milk that has been Pasteurised is neither so palatable nor so digestible as it is in its natural condition. And in the second place, no sooner does it begin to cool than it is open to receive the wind-borne bacteria always floating round it. The best method of procedure is one that was advocated at the conference. We have very little sympathy with the proposal to get municipalities to work the dairy farms; the business is one that would be much better left to private enterprise. But, on the other hand, regulations should be stringently enforced with the object of providing that milk is produced under the cleanliest and most sanitary conditions, and there are many patent processes in existence by which it could be economically bottled and sealed in the dairy, and so delivered to the customer exactly in the same condition as it was when it came from the cow. Along this line we think practical reform must advance.

A new form of adulteration was disclosed in the police courts last Monday, when a man named William Henry Boyle was charged with delivering to a tobacco manufacturer a quarter of a ton of cocoa shells mixed with snuff. From the somewhat naïve evidence tendered by the defendant, it would appear that when he entered upon this business he was not quite sure what article to adulterate. He thought successively of tea, sweetmeats, and snuff, in the cheaper forms of this substance seems to be an ingredient. As far as we know this is the first occasion on which this peculiar form of fraud has been exposed, and it is extremely satisfactory to know that Mr. Hopkins inflicted an exemplary punishment. He ordered him to pay a penalty of £50, and ten guineas costs to the Excise.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

The powdered days have all passed by,
The days of swords and laces;
The lights are gone from Ranelagh,
The Cupids and the Graces.

No maiden now, with pensive mood,
Lingers by grove or stream,
In rosebud print and gathered hood,
Of Strephon's charms to dream.

What though perukes be out of date,
The wit that filled them's here;
From polished calf, in gilded state,
It flashes sharp and clear.

What though the ruffle yields its place,
With pistol none engages;
A polished honour still may grace
Our modish men and sages.

What though brocade our age disclaims,
Of shoe-buckles unheeding;
The Country still hath rustic dames
The Town hath wit and breeding.

G. M. G.

The controversy that has arisen about diseased bees in Cornwall points to the necessity for some legislation. People who talk airily of keeping bees for a hobby do not always realise how serious the case is. Foul brood is one of the most contagious diseases possible, and when it exists in a district is apt to attack all the hives. One reason of this is that bees are born robbers and pilferers, and if a hive becomes so weak as to be unable to defend its treasure, the bees from other colonies will come and steal the honey, carrying away the infection with them if foul brood be the cause of weakness. No doubt the calamities and misfortunes that used to happen to the bees in olden times are to be explained in this way; and they were bearable as long as bee-keeping was regarded only as an elegant amusement. But nowadays there are small holders who trust to the bee for a portion of their livelihood, and they regard it as very unfair that they should be exposed to loss through the carelessness of their neighbours. Parliament, therefore, might very well be asked to pass a Bill making it compulsory to destroy the bees affected by foul brood, and to disinfect the hives and appliances tainted by them.

Renewed efforts are being made towards the utilisation of peat in Ireland. The Department of Agriculture carried out extensive experiments on the bog of Inny, in the County Westmeath, during last year, using German and other machinery, for the more economical production of peat fuel. So satisfied are the people of the district with the work done, that a number of them have arranged to take over these experimental peat works of the Department and carry them on as a commercial enterprise. The Department of Agriculture, this year, propose continuing their operations on a bog near Castleconnell, County Limerick, where experiments in the manufacture of peat moss

litter, as well as peat fuel, will be extensively engaged in with the aid of improved machinery. The immense value of the peat bogs of Ireland can hardly be grasped, especially now that the coal supply is every year dwindling away, and the end seems approaching surely and not too slowly.

Certain of the clergy of the Church of Ireland, writing from the distressed districts in the West, are petitioning, on behalf of the poorer peasants, for a relief that is not likely to be denied. Their petition is for money to buy seed potatoes to recompense the people for the destruction wrought by the storms of last June, which resulted in an almost total failure of the crop. It is especially in Achill Island, off the County Mayo, that the lack exists, and it is here that the peasants are so poor that to incur the debt which would be involved in their acceptance of the supplies of seed potatoes available from the provision made by the Poor Law Guardians would be a heavy incubus. So many generous people are glad to hear of an opportunity of dispensing charity without pauperising the recipients that the occasion offered is likely to be accepted adequately enough. To name one only of the several signatories, the Rev. T. Boland, Rector, Achill, County Mayo, will receive contributions.

Lord Tullibardine, who commanded the Scottish Horse in South Africa, is arranging for a spectacle that ought to be an interesting object-lesson in the manners of the past—a rising of the clans in the Athole district of Perthshire. The general plan appears to be that a force drawn from the upland farms shall go out as if on a foray, and shall be met and countered by a force coming from Dunkeld. There is so much that appeals to the imagination in the history of the Highland clans and their lawless doings right up to the failure of the '45 rebellion, that a vast number of people on both sides of the Border would travel far to see this mimic encounter in the actual scenes of many a very real and sanguinary fray.

Warm rains and warm sunshine have fostered the growth of spring with such rapidity for the whole of the last month, that the season is very rarely so forward by the beginning of April as it is at present. At the beginning of the week the wheatears were already plentifully distributed in their breeding haunts all over the southern part of the country, and the notes of the chaffinch were to be constantly heard in the tops of the budding larch coverts, the bird's favourite haunt on arrival. The early-nesting species of our winter residents are even more forward, and only the appearance of the first few swallows has been needed for ten days past to give the country the look of the later part of April rather than of March. Unfortunately, it is impossible to see vegetation so far developed at this date without fearing the disastrous effects, in such early years, of April and May frosts.

An interesting programme has been drawn up for the International Ornithological Congress, which is to hold its fifth meeting in London at Whitsuntide, the last having taken place at Paris in 1900. The organising committee have arranged for meetings to be held in five separate sections to discuss particular branches of ornithology, as well as the general discussions, and several interesting excursions have been arranged. By the invitation of the respective owners, the members of the Congress will be afforded an opportunity of seeing Mr. Walter Rothschild's splendid collection of birds at Tring and the Duke of Bedford's equally famous collection of animals in Woburn Park, and it is also hoped to make an expedition to Flamborough Head. This famous haunt of sea-birds is likely to be of particular interest to naturalists from the more inland countries of Europe, while the visit will not be too late for the visitors to see the Flamborough cliff-men at their work of collecting the guillemots' eggs from the face of the rocks. Given such June weather as we hope to enjoy, the meeting of the Congress in England should prove extremely successful.

It is announced that, in connection with the reopening of the Aberdeen Art Gallery, the University of Aberdeen will confer the degree of LL.D. upon several distinguished persons in art and letters, and among them Mr. Maarten Maartens, the novelist. This will be generally regarded as a graceful and fitting recognition of the noteworthy achievement in English literature of a writer whose own tongue, though philologically nearly akin to English, is but seldom mastered for literary purposes by Englishmen. It was a Danish poet, and not a Dutch novelist, who complained that, if he wrote in his own language, he was limiting himself, at the widest possible computation, to a circle of 600 readers; but something of the same disadvantage has to be faced by every writer belonging to the smaller nationalities who thinks of writing, as he would probably prefer, in his own tongue. In the present case, the gain of his English readers is scarcely even the loss of his own countrymen, for there are but few educated Dutch novel-readers who are not thoroughly familiar with English. Mr. Maarten Maartens's novels, in fact,

often seem the "double debt to pay, and to aim at familiarising the Dutch reader with the nicer tricks of colloquial English at the same time that they introduce the Englishman to the form and fashion of Dutch character and social life."

The *Eclair* publishes some interesting figures, summarising the result of an enquiry made by the French Minister to Japan into the subject of the particular quarters in which the Japanese for the past few years have been seeking their foreign literature. By far the most striking feature of these statistics is the enormous increase in the number of books imported from this country into Japan between the years 1901 and 1903, the period covered by M. Harmand's enquiry. In the former year Great Britain stood second to Germany, and contributed less than a third of the total value of books imported; by the latter year we supplied Japan with nearly four times as many books as we had previously, and our total share was more than that of the six other chief contributing countries taken together. The conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was, no doubt, the chief cause of this remarkable increase, and the influence of politics is also to be traced in the augmentation of the supply of Russian literature in 1903 to nearly four times what it had been in 1901. Even so, Russia contributed the merest fraction of the total, her share being less than a tenth even of that of China, which still continues to find a considerable market for its literary wares in the island kingdom. M. Harmand reports that the books imported from France are mainly works of law and novels, while scientific literature comes chiefly to Japan from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

TWO SPRINGS.

TOWN.

A glint of gold across the grey,
A note of green in grimy trees,
Birds singing louder every day,
And winter flees.

A something quickens in the air
When morning comes, when day dies down;
Elusive, hesitating, fair,
Spring comes to town.

COUNTRY.

Green armies storm the wayside bush,
At one bold challenge winter yields
The blackbird carols to the thrush
Across the fields.

Through rain, through sun, and windy days,
Flies onward with unresting wing
A maid of swift tempestuous ways—
The country spring.

ROBIN FLOWER.

The announcement of the intention of the French Government to adopt the policy of the "open door" for the port of Jibutí is an interesting and satisfactory one from two distinct points of view. In the first place, it is satisfactory to find that a nation with which our *entente cordiale* is certainly more than a phrase, has thus shown its appreciation of the liberal policy which has always been our own. It is, moreover, for our own commercial interests, as well as for those of Abyssinia itself, that the port which gives chief access to its industries and products should be free, and, finally, it is satisfactory to have the assurance that all facilities will be given for the development of the resources of the country. The natives of Abyssinia are, perhaps, the most energetic of all the African races, and capable of highest development in the arts both of peace and war.

The present moment seems a peculiarly unfortunate one for the passing of a measure by the Californian State Assembly petitioning the United States Congress to enact similar legislation against Japanese immigration to that already in force against the Chinese. The writings of Bret Harte have been, perhaps, the most popular means of informing the British nation of the intense anti-Chinese feeling which exists in the State of California, more strongly, in all probability, than in any other part of the great American Continent; nevertheless, it is the assured conviction of all who are acquainted with that State that it owes an enormous proportion of its prosperity to Chinese labour. The moment for demanding the prohibitive legislation proposed appears a singularly ill-chosen one, not only because the Japanese nation is comporting itself in a manner that makes it the admiration and wonder of the world, not only because in its present war it is really fighting a battle in which the United States has a close interest, but also because the labour problem in California itself is in an acute stage, cheap labour being scarce.

A note of real culture is being struck in primary schools where children are being encouraged to grow plants for themselves, whether on window-sills of crowded tenements or in cottage gardens in the country; and an exhibition held at Dundee recently proves how well the little ones respond to

such encouragement. About 38,000 bulbs had been distributed, and over 3,000 plants were submitted to the judges, many of which were reported as being excellent specimens. The value of thus stimulating a child's innate love of Nature's beauty, his knowledge of plant life, and the perseverance which is necessary to overcome the adverse conditions under which the plants must in many cases have been grown, cannot be over-estimated, and is one of the most promising features that have been noticed in primary education since it became universal.

Steps are now being taken by the Cape Government to encourage prospectors and settlers in the Kalahari Desert, and the success of these efforts to utilise this wide and little-known tract will be watched with much interest. With the one exception of Lake Ngami, which is fed by a river rising outside the Kalahari area, its lakes are now extinct, and its rivers only run in the rainy season. After the rains have fallen, however, rich pasturage springs up over a large part of this area, and it is throughout the year the home of a large head of game, which the scanty population of nomadic natives support themselves by hunting. It is not at all improbable that in many places a small

sum spent in well boring and irrigation works would enable agriculture to be successfully carried on. Much depends on the reports of the prospectors as to the presence near the surface of a supply of water during the dry season.

The breaking out of plague in India raises a number of problems that have always confronted the British administration there. The facts are extremely sad, as the official returns show that in a single week the deaths reached the frightful total of 45,000, one of the most disastrous death-rolls on record. In the Punjab itself no fewer than 12,000 people were swept out of existence, and in Agra and Oude quite 20,000; but the attitude of the populace illustrates the difference between East and West. The native when confronted with plague bows his head with stern fatalism and accepts death as unavoidable. The Englishman, on the other hand, turns naturally to see what can be done. When small-pox breaks out he would fain introduce general vaccination, but that caste and other prejudices operate against him; and it is the same with all the remedies suggested by Western civilisation. If insisted on, they would almost lead to rebellion, and thus the officials are reduced to helplessness.

A HANDICRAFTSMAN & HIS WORK.

THERE are undoubtedly advantages connected with the establishment of great factories, but the system has also very serious drawbacks. In fact, almost the only merit of factory-made goods lies in their excessive cheapness; if one thing is turned out exactly like another by a mechanical process, it is natural that it should be much less costly than a similar kind of article which has received individual attention. For economical reasons, it is no doubt true that we must attend to cheapness of production, but yet it is impossible to avoid the observation that the excessive use of mechanical processes tends to engender a mechanical turn of mind. Take a man who has to watch a machine all day long; almost every movement becomes automatic, and the power of independent thought is denied him; in fact, what his employer requires is not a living, thinking man, but a machine that will tend his other machines. It follows, as a matter of course, that the excessive use of mechanical methods of production is bound to have a hurtful effect on the mental powers of those engaged in them; that is why we regret the disappearance of such tiny factories as that of which we to-day show some illustrations. They represent different stages



W. Page.

RUNNING THE MOULD.

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in brass foundry work, and the number of such foundries is gradually diminishing; they are, in fact, being swallowed up by larger factories, the owners of which possess more capital, and are thus enabled to command the latest modern appliances. It is a movement, alas! not confined to any one trade or branch of manufacture. It is taking place over the whole of the industrial part of the country. This one used to be carried on by a man who was quite a character in his way. He was not educated in the scholastic sense, but, like many another man who owes little to books and schoolmasters, he had found means of developing his own natural mother wit, and, in fact, might be described as something of a genius. His birth, like his character, had something romantic in it, for his father had fought with Garibaldi, and afterwards left his country in exile and settled in London, where he led a somewhat Bohemian life, performing as an acrobat at times, and in other ways shifting for his living as best he could. How he drifted in the end into a brass foundry we do not exactly know. His son inherited from him some of that fiery patriotism that had found its best expression on the field



W. Page.

MAKING THE MOULD.

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of battle, and, like many Italians, had a passionate love of music. He played the violin with much feeling and fervour, and one of his favourite pieces was the pathetic Scottish song, "Auld Robin Gray." In many ways he was something of an artist, and he had the artist's eye for form that served him well in his business as a moulder. He had educated himself in many things that had a bearing on his business, particularly in chemistry, and what he learned had enabled him to invent ferrous sodium, a substance composed of iron and salt, and used for purifying metal when it had been melted for the purpose of casting. Previously men of science had been of the opinion that it was impossible to introduce sodium chloride without an explosion, but this he managed to accomplish. A company was formed to exploit this invention, but unfortunately it fell into the hands of Baron Grant and some of his Stock Exchange friends, and, like a great many adventures of the same band, eventually came to grief. Another of his inventions was a moulding-box for repetition work, that he patented and worked successfully for many years. It was characteristic of the man that, although at the time possessed of scarcely sufficient capital to keep his foundry going, he refused £800 for the patent. He had good reason to regret this, as he fell on evil times later in life, and the greater offer that he always dreamt of never came to him, while like many a father he had a praiseworthy ambition to give his large family a better bringing up and education than he had received himself. He has had to go through a good deal of ill-health also, and is now facing a penniless old age. After the foundry was given up it was of little use for him to seek work in one of the larger factories, because in the first place he was a dreamer, and what the world calls unpractical, and in the second you cannot teach an old dog new tricks. He possessed peculiar ideas of liberty, and thought that rules relating to times and seasons were an infringement upon it. It was only carrying out his principles to start work and leave off just when he liked: if it came into his head to start work at four o'clock in the morning, up he would rise and have his furnaces and machinery going; if he felt inclined to leave off at two o'clock in the afternoon he would do so and amuse himself as he liked for the rest of the day; while if he came to the conclusion that he would like to start work at four o'clock in the afternoon, he would go on till twelve or whatsoever the hour might be that took his fancy. Evidently a man who had indulged in habits of this kind could not at an advanced period of middle age subject himself to the discipline of regular hours in a modern factory, and so, like many another wayward genius, he got stranded. It would readily be conceived that the work of moulding and casting is far from being child's play; indeed, it requires a man of good muscle and constitution



W. Page.

"IS THE METAL HOT?"

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to do it. The moulding-box consists of two frames of iron, which fit together with pin and socket, and measure about 2ft. by 18in., with a depth of 6in.; it has no top or bottom, but two boards are used for this purpose when the box is being used. In making a mould one-half of a box is placed on a board; this is then put across two iron bars laid on the top of a sand-trough. This is now filled with a damp, black, loamy-looking sand, and beaten down level with the edge of the box. The patterns are now placed on the sand in the box and gently tapped until half the pattern is firmly embedded. The other half is put on this, the pins fitting in the sockets; more sand is filled in, covering the patterns, and beaten down firmly with a shovel; another board is put on top and the complete box turned over, which requires a good bit of strength and skill, and when this is done the top half is taken off with the sand in showing the patterns bare in the bottom half; they are then taken out of the sand and their impression is left on both halves of the box. Grooves are made in the sand to connect one pattern with another to allow the metal to run to each; any breakage or imperfect mould is now made good with a spoon-like tool, the whole being dusted with plumbago blown over it by a small pair of hand bellows; the halves are placed together, clamped up with screws, and allowed to stand in a row for an hour or so, and are then ready for casting. The furnace is in the corner, sunk about 4ft. deep in the floor. A "crucible" or pot to hold 50lb. or 60lb. of brass ingot or scrap is taken up with a large pair of tongs and placed in the furnace, where a fierce coke fire is burning, and the tongs taken out, or they would soon melt; an iron top is placed on top, and soon the metal in the pot will begin to melt. To know when the metal is hot enough to run a mould requires some experience and judgment, and it has to be looked at occasionally, which latter operation is very trying to the eyes, as one has also to encounter the heat from the fire and fumes of sulphur and other gases given off from the fire and metal. If the metal is hot enough, a man with a pair of tongs clamps the pot in the furnace; another man or youth with a hooked iron rod fixes it on the clamping tongs, and both lift together and bring up the pot to the top of the furnace. To carry the pot to the boxes which stand on their side down the middle of the foundry requires good steady nerves and hands. When one box is filled with metal they shift, and run the metal into the next, until all the metal is used or all the moulds are filled. This work is very dangerous; a slip by either man might send the metal all over their feet, and if by accident any water should touch the molten metal an explosion would be the result. When the metal is being run, a thick, yellowish green vapour arises and the fumes fill the place, making one who is not accustomed



W. Page.

"DRAWING THE POT."

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to it feel sick and experience a choking sensation, as all windows and direct ventilators are closed, or the metal would chill and fail to run properly. When casting at night you can scarcely see the men through the vapour, and might well imagine you were witnessing a scene of Dante's "Inferno." The industry is a very old one, its origin being lost in antiquity.

WEEDS.

"Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love,
The wild bird joys your opening blooms to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts to Nature true, ye strangely move:
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all!"

THE common dictionary definition of the word "weed" is "a useless herb"; but have we ever paused to consider what really a weed is, and in what it differs from a flower? Surely the line of demarcation, even in



F. M. Sutcliffe.

BUTTER-BUR.

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gardening parlance, must be a very narrow one, for we find one man cherishing—especially on his rock-border—what another looks upon in the light of weeds. Does the mere fact of a thing being common, or the reverse, make it a weed or a flower? We think hardly; and yet, in practice, there is something in the argument. Wordsworth has said that "weeds have been called flowers out of place," and adds rather significantly, "I fear the place most people would assign to them is too limited"; while another writer tells us that "weeds are counted herbs in the beginning of summer."

Some plants, from the very names bestowed upon them, seem to be universally acknowledged as weeds, and few people, we fancy, would be inclined to withhold the dictionary definition from such things as chickweed, bishop-weed, bindweed, and the like; though with regard to the pretty little silver-weed—beautiful alike in foliage and flower—there might be some difference of opinion. Certain it is that, had it been a rare alpine, or a difficult plant to grow, in place of being so abundant on every roadside, the modest little *Potentilla anserina* would have been deemed worthy of cultivation by everyone. Even its popular name, though it has the noxious

appendix of weed, has an endearing ring about it, and so suggestive, too! In some districts the equally pretty name of "fair-days" is bestowed upon it, from its habit of expanding its clear yellow flowers only in bright and sunny weather.

Weeds may be said to appear, and flourish, chiefly where the ground has been cultivated, or disturbed, by man. Were they always weeds, or when did they become so? Some of the plants so designated are not even natives, but have been introduced, either intentionally or otherwise, into the country; though when we find modern works upon botany placing bishop-weed (*Aegopodium podagraria*) in the latter category, we are obliged to confess, with respect, that credulity is strained almost to the point of breaking. If it be, indeed, an alien, it has certainly taken very kindly to the land of its adoption, for where is the gardener who has not experienced the difficulty of eradicating it from his borders? Some plants seem to follow in man's steps intuitively, and to court his society. How many a site of old and forgotten habitations is now marked only by the growth of the bed of nettles, which have survived the downfall of the house! Others, such as the silver-weed and the plantain (*Plantago major*), are very children of the wayside, flourishing by the side of nearly every road that man has made, and seeming to prefer that situation to any other. Some of them have followed civilised man unbidden to the remotest parts of the world, and have come to be so associated with him as to be named after him by the natives. Thus the plantain is known to the North American Indians as "The White Man's Foot," and is referred to by Longfellow in "The Song of Hiawatha":

"Where they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the white man's foot in blossom."

At home the plantain is called, in different districts, "waybrede" and "wayborn." The German name is *wegetritt*—i.e., "waytread"; in Sweden it is the *wagbredblad*, which signifies much the same thing. In the Antipodes chickweed is called "The Mark of the Paleface"; and in other places the yellow sorrel of South Africa (which seeds itself so freely in our gardens, especially in the greenhouse, as very soon to become a weed) is known as "The Englishman's Plant."

Another very typical roadside plant, *Prunella vulgaris*, is called in the south of Scotland "Heart-of-the-Earth," because



A. Stockdale.

WOOD-SORREL.

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ROADSIDE BLOSSOMS.

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of its prevalence upon pastures in poor condition, where it is supposed to take the heart out of the land; but it is nowhere so much at home as upon the margin of a well-trodden path. And amongst larger plants we have the wayfaring tree (*Viburnum lantana*), which loves the roadside so well, that even where it has been introduced as a pretty shrub, it soon finds its way to its favourite haunt.

Such things as the henbane, and the milk thistle (*Carduus Marianus*), have a constant habit of appearing about the sites of old castles, and other ancient dwellings, whenever the soil is freshly disturbed to some depth, and after flourishing, flowering, and seeding, for a year or two, of again mysteriously vanishing. Tradition associates henbane with witches and witchcraft (fostered no doubt by the uncanny appearance of its flowers), and there is a popular belief that the plant has a curse upon it, and that it is unable to sustain itself for more than a season. The milk thistle is sometimes called the Calvary thistle, a name which, with its scientific designation, it takes from an old superstition that the Virgin Mary spilt some of her milk upon it, and hence the curious, yet beautiful, white lines upon the leaves. Other plants of the genus weed seem addicted to rubbish heaps, or forced soil of any kind. *Linaria minor*, though difficult to find in other places, flourishes amongst the cinders on many a railway track. The faces of the stone-built platforms of country railway stations very soon become resting-places for many plants; and I have seen *Adiantum ruta-muraria*, and other ferns, growing in such situations, where it would be impossible to find a single specimen elsewhere for miles around. In a colliery district, where the land was all under cultivation, and where there certainly was no hart's-tongue growing wild within a radius of many miles, I once saw a disused pit-shaft, down which water trickled, the retaining walls of which were clothed with a luxuriant growth of this fern. *Linnæa borealis*, too, and some of the pyrolas, which are very local, and grow only in certain pine woods, occasionally spring up, as it were spontaneously, in new localities where fir trees have been planted, and the necessary conditions of shelter, and soil have been brought about, and after the shade of the trees has killed down ranker undergrowth. How are we to account for the appearance of such plants? Are we to conclude that they are indigenous to the soil, or that their seeds have lain dormant in the ground since the

days when these fair flowers of the forest were a' wede away with the aboriginal trees which sheltered them, and that, the forest conditions being once more restored, they spring up again to reoccupy their ancient homes?

Another good instance of the mysterious appearance of a very weed amongst us is the American pondweed (*Anelotis alsinastrum*); and talking of water plants reminds us how very soon an artificial pond becomes the home of many plants that grow nowhere near, and whose presence one is often puzzled to account for—sparganiums, potamogetons, reeds, etc. Perhaps birds carry the seeds in the first instance. It is an old belief that the nettles, always found beneath a rookery, owe their introduction to the rooks; and in woods where starlings have of late years taken to roosting in such immense flocks, it has been noticed that elder bushes are beginning to spring up, below the trees, in all directions. The seed of the mistletoe is doubtless frequently carried on the bill of a thrush, who, flying to another tree, and wiping his mouth upon the branch, leaves the sticky stone adhering in just the situation it likes upon which to establish itself.

Then the rare plants, a solitary specimen of which may perhaps be found only in one district, or which may inhabit a single station, on some far hillside, and be unknown elsewhere in the country. What are we to make of them? Have they always been dwellers in the land, or how and when did they come, and why should they not have increased? Must they be looked upon as the outposts of an army of invasion, or the remnants of an army in retreat? And if the latter, why should they be retreating? We may gather and transfer a specimen to the garden, and increase it there, by seed or division, to almost any extent, under what we cannot but suppose to be less favourable conditions than it has enjoyed in its native habitat for generations without multiplying itself. Has it always been a rare plant? Or is its mission here fulfilled, and is Nature (never forgetful of her wildlings) allowing its place to be taken by another?

How true it is that:

"We may read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed!"



F. M. Sutcliffe.

BRACKEN.

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Though the mere gathering of a specimen or two of a rare plant ought not necessarily to involve a risk of extinction, how often could we wish that the botanist displayed a little more of the forbearance so beautifully portrayed by Robert Storey, one of the minor poets of Northumberland, who deserves to be better known, in the lines :

"I cam' to the hill where a Boy I had wander'd,
And high beat my heart when I traced it again;
As up its steep side, now an auld man, I dander'd,
I stopt, whare a bonnie Pirk blossom'd its lane:
It seem'd a wee star lighted up amang heather!
My first thought said, 'Pu' it, and bring it away!—
But a tenderer pleaded—"How soon it wad wither!
Oh ! leave it to bloom on its ain native brae."



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BRAMBLE.

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FOXGLOVES.

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"For wha kens," pled the thought, "but this bonnie flower blooming
May hae some kind o' feeling, or sense o' its ain?
It'll change wi' the lift, be it smiling or glooming,
Exult in the sunshine, and droop in the rain!
And wha kens that it hasna some pleasure in gieing
Its flower to the e'e, and its sweets to the day?
That it hasna a secret and sweet sense of being?"
Sae I left it to bloom on its ain native brae."

I must not conclude without an acknowledgment that much of the folklore contained in this article has been acquired from what I have always looked upon as one of the best books ever written—viz., Johnston's "Natural History of the Eastern Borders," to which anyone interested in the subject may be referred for a fund of other useful and curious information.

LICHEN GREY.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

WE have before us two volumes which hold the mirror up to the life of our time from two very different points of view. One is called *Reminiscences of a Radical Parson* (Cassell), and it may be dismissed in a very few words, not on account either of its ability or its want of ability, but for the simple reason that it is more a huge tract than a volume of autobiography. The author, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A., gives us in the first chapter the reasons why he became a Radical, and then passes on to review the political controversies of the last quarter of a century, particularly those connected with franchise and land. Without passing any serious judgment upon him we would say that Mr. Tuckwell is somewhat inclined to lay the colour on too thickly, and to exaggerate what he calls "the misery of England." His information, too, is obsolete. No economist or student of the social condition of Great Britain would be justified in accepting the figures and statements of a private individual when he has had the whole question thoroughly investigated in all its bearings and over a wide area by the most capable officials in the Board of Trade. In the labouring man's budget, given on page 129, the facts might be locally true, yet they are not so in regard to Great Britain as a whole. We have some doubt, too, as to whether Mr. Tuckwell has got at the root of the matter in regard to rural discontent.

A book of a very different kind indeed is that of the Hon. Henry J. Coke, which he calls *Tracks of a Rolling Stone* (Smith, Elder). This book has historical value, as it is a minute description of upper-class life about the middle of last century.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE do not require to be told much about Holkham, and many of them will be pleased to hear about one of its most distinguished residents. In some respects the book is a testimony to the truthfulness of Charles Dickens. When he was about seven years old young Coke was sent to a preparatory school, Temple Grove at East Sheen, then kept by Dr. Pinkney, and his description might well have found a place in one of the Dickensian novels:

"We began our day, as at Dotheboys Hall, with two large spoonfuls of sulphur and treacle. After an hour's lessons we breakfasted on one bowl of milk—'Skyblue' we called it—and one hunch of buttered bread, unbuttered at discretion. Our dinner began with pudding—generally rice—to save the butcher's bill. Then mutton—which was quite capable of taking care of itself. Our only other meal was a basin of 'Skyblue' and bread, as before.

"As to cleanliness, I never had a bath, never bathed (at the school) during the two years I was there. On Saturday nights, before bed, our feet were washed by the housemaids, in tubs round which half-a-dozen of us sat at a time."

As a relief to this he could not get to Holkham, because it was too far away, and so he had to go to Addison Road or Holland House; but, indeed, we may miss the early childhood of our author and come at once to his entry into the Navy. When he was only eleven years old, his uncle, Henry Keppel, the future Admiral of the Fleet, took him to the Naval Academy at Gosport, and, as illustrating the ways of the children of the time, it may be mentioned that he had three fights on the first afternoon. During the winter of 1839-40, he joined H.M.S. Blonde, a forty-six-gun frigate, commanded by Captain

Bouchier, and here is his description of the treatment he was subject to :

" What would the cadet of the present day think of the treatment we small boys had to put up with sixty or seventy years ago? Promotion depended almost entirely on interest. The Service was entered at twelve or thirteen. After two years at sea, if the boy passed his examination, he mounted the white patch, and became a midshipman. At the end of four years more, he had to pass a double examination—one for seamanship before a board of captains, and another for navigation at the Naval College. He then became a master's mate, and had to serve for three years as such before he was eligible for promotion to a lieutenancy. Unless an officer had family interest, he often stuck there, and as often had to serve under one more favoured, who was not born when he himself was getting stale."

On a subject as interesting now as it was half a century ago he makes the following remarks :

" Before taking leave of my seafaring days I must say one word about corporal punishment. Sir Thomas Bouchier was a good sailor, a gallant officer, and a kind-hearted man, but he was one of the old school. Discipline was his watchword, and he endeavoured to maintain it by severity. I daresay that, on an average, there was a man flogged as often as once a month during the first two years the *Blonde* was in commission. A flogging on board a man-of-war with a 'cat,' the nine tails of which were knotted, and the lashes of which were slowly delivered, up to the four dozen, at the full swing of the arm, and at the extremity of lash and handle, was very severe punishment. Each knot brought blood, and the shock of the blow knocked the breath out of a man with an involuntary 'Ugh,' however stoically he bore the pain. I have seen many a bad man flogged for unparable conduct, and many a good man for a glass of grog too much."

Mr. Coke did not love the Navy, and at a very early age managed to escape from it. It was decreed that he should return to Holkham and prepare for the University. One of the most amusing sketches in the book is that of Mr. Collyer, at that time rector of Warham St. Mary, and elected to be the boy's tutor. He was a strict man, of an irascible temper, and sometimes astonished the guests by the rudeness of his domineering ways, as the following quotation will show :

" For example, one Sunday evening after dinner, when the drawing-room was filled with guests, who more or less preserved the decorum which etiquette demands in the presence of royalty (the Duke of Sussex was of the party), Charles Fox and Lady Anson, great-grandmother of the present Lord Lichfield, happened to be playing at chess. When the irascible dominie beheld them he pushed his way through the bystanders, swept the pieces from the board, and, with rigorous impartiality, denounced these impious desecrators of the Sabbath eve."

This tutor was succeeded by a much more distinguished man—Mr. Alexander Napier, a son of the Macvey Napier who was the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. He seems to have been full of life and vitality, as well as being a fine scholar, and for fifty years he held the living at Holkham. Mr. Coke, in 1846, became an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he formed the acquaintance of some who were to become the distinguished men of the age, such as Thackeray, Tennyson, Frederick Locker, Stirling of Keir, Tom Taylor, Millais, Leighton, and others. He has a good deal to say about the first-mentioned of this group, and what will be particularly interesting to lovers

of "Pendennis" is that he came a great deal into contact with Andrew Arcdeckne, the prototype of Harry Foker. He was commonly called Archie, and was the owner of Glevering Hall, Suffolk, and nephew of Lord Huntingfield. Coke describes him as "about 5 ft. 3 in., round as a cask, with a small, singularly round face and head, closely-cropped hair, and large, soft eyes—in a word, so like a seal that he was as often called Phoca as Archie." Thackeray used to meet him in the Garrick Club, and Coke fancies the novelist was rather afraid of the little Suffolk squire.

" The shy, the proud, the sensitive satirist would steal quietly into the room, avoiding notice as though he wished himself invisible. Phoca would be warming his back at the fire, and calling for a glass of 'Foker's Own.' Seeing the giant enter, he would advance a step or two, with a couple of extended fingers, and exclaim, quite affably, 'Ha! Mr. Thackry! literary cove! Glad to see you, sir. How's Major Dobbings?' and likely enough would turn to the waiter, and bid him, 'Give this gent a glass of the same, and score it up to yours truly!' We have his biographer's word for it that he would have winked at the Duke of Wellington, with just as little scruple."

We cannot follow the career of Mr. Coke in detail, but must content ourselves with taking a few illustrative passages. One of these illustrates the historic fight between Sayers and Heenan which the author had the fortune to witness :

" Sayers, however, had not escaped scot-free. In countering the last attack, Heenan had broken one of the bones in Sayers' right arm. Still the fight went on. It was now a brutal scene. The blind man could not defend himself from the other's terrible punishment. His whole face was so swollen and distorted, that not a feature was recognisable. But he evidently had his design. Each time Sayers struck him and ducked, Heenan made a swoop with his long arms, and at last he caught his enemy. With gigantic force he got Sayers' head down, and needless of his captive's pounding, backed step by step to the ring. When there, he forced Sayers' neck on to the rope, and, with all his weight, leant upon the Englishman's shoulders. In a few moments the face of the strangled man was black, his tongue was forced out of his mouth, and his eyes from their sockets. His arms fell powerless, and in a second or two more he would have been a corpse. With a wild yell the crowd rushed to the rescue. Warning cries of 'The police! The police!' mingled with the shouts. The ropes were cut, and a general scamper for the waiting train ended this last of the greatest prize-fights."

Another, and the last that we shall transcribe, is that in which the reading of Thackeray is compared with the reading of his great rival :

" Thackeray's features were impassive, and his voice knew no inflection. But his elocution in other respects was perfect, admirably distinct, and impressive from its complete obliteration by the reader. . . . The story told, as Thackeray told it, was as delightful to listen to as to read. Not so with Dickens. He disappointed me. He made no attempt to represent the different characters by varied utterance; but whenever something unusually comic was said, or about to be said, he had a habit of turning his eyes up to the ceiling, so that, knowing what was coming, one nervously anticipated the upcast look, and for the moment lost the illusion. In both entertainments the reader was naturally the central point of interest. But in the case of Dickens, when curiosity was satisfied, he alone possessed one; Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell were put out of court."

Altogether the book is full of interesting passages, and is well worth the attention of readers who are interested in the condition of England during the Victorian Era.

THE RHINO AS WE MET HIM.

THE rhinoceros is stated by competent writers to be exclusively a bush feeder. This, no doubt, is so to a great extent, but I have several times seen them eating grass, and I cannot help thinking that in some of the arid, treeless plains which rhinos frequent, they would get a poor dinner if they were dependent on bush food. On the Athi Plains, and in German East Africa, we were surprised at the small number of birds accompanying them. I should say that in 60 per cent. of the cases



THE MORNING START.

no birds were present.

Several species of the larger animals are accompanied by birds, the rhinoceros bird being often found with rhino and buffalo. The buffalo and elephant are more often seen with the white egret, when there is sufficient water in the neighbourhood to warrant the presence of these water-loving birds. We have never seen egrets with rhino, although they were often about in the vicinity. These birds come for the ticks and other parasites



CHARGING.

so plentiful on the rhino (the rhinoceros bird in a far greater degree than the egret), and in return for the hospitality they receive, give warning of the approach of danger by jumping up, uttering shrill screams, and finally, when the danger becomes imminent, make off, after a final warning swoop, overhead.

It is by no means as easy as one would think to see rhinos at any distance, as they are generally the colour of the earth of that locality, as a result of the matutinal mud bath. Near Baringo, most of them were a brilliant red, whilst in the German Masai plains they were mostly of a light grey khaki, which made them almost invisible, and, indeed, I got within 40yds. of two rhinos on one occasion in the open, without being able to distinguish them from the ant-heaps around. Many writers consider that when a rhino charges, in many cases he is merely rushing blindly in the direction which he imagines to be the least dangerous. I feel sure this is not the case, as I have invariably found them make an exceedingly good shot for the shooter, and I believe that their first impulse is to attack, but, losing their heads, they rush madly along, and so give the sportsman every opportunity of escaping them. We also noticed that, whereas in the open a rhino is more likely to make off, in bush he is almost certain to charge if surprised, and we attribute this to the fact that he is unable to determine the distance he is from the danger, and so takes the offensive. A lion, I believe, will nearly always charge if one surprises him at close quarters. On one occasion I had to dress a native's shoulder, from which a large scoop of flesh had been taken by a lion which he had come upon on the grass, and which had sprung at him, given him a smack, and then rushed off. In this connection it is worthy of notice that the lion seldom, if ever, uses its claws when wounded, relying entirely on its teeth; but when attacking a man, either for food or in an impulse of self-defence, he invariably uses his claws, after which, as in this case, he often leaves his victim after knocking him down with a blow of his paw.

B. had a most unpleasant adventure with a rhino at Baringo. The whole place there was full of them. The country consisted of large and small plains with patches of dense low thorn bushes, through which one could only pass by following game tracks. He was following a wounded oryx, when he came upon what looked like a red ant-heap. However, when the ant-heap moved, B., who only had his Mauser and split cartridges, retreated at best pace along the single track he had come by, pursued by the rhino. His gun-bearer, who was following, also turned and ran, and falling flat on his face, let off both barrels of the heavy rifle, B. coming down on top of him. The rhino rushed by within a yard, or less, and never once turned.

A photograph B. took of a rhino

shows how on occasion these beasts are too absorbed in their own reflections to be much disturbed by anything. He saw a rhino just over the crest of a little rocky hillock on the plain, strolling along and feeding, apparently on grass. There seemed a good opportunity for a photograph, so giving his 450 cordite ready loaded to the gun-bearer, B. carefully crept up over the rise. The wind was very changeable, and twice an eddy blew from B. towards the rhino, the distance between them being very little. However, the beast was too engrossed in feeding to notice their presence. Having crept up behind a tiny bush (the only bit of cover at hand), B. found the impression in the finder too small, and so had to leave the slight protection the bush afforded, and creep nearer. The rhino continued to feed, but once or twice looked straight at B., but failed to see him, as he stood perfectly still. At about 15yds. or 20yds. range, B. snapped, waiting, however, till the beast turned his head, as he was standing nearly stern on. The click of the shutter startled him, and he

turned round and stood facing. Up went his tail, rigid, and he took two or three steps forward as if about to charge. B. and his gun-bearer retreated facing him. By the time they got to a safe distance they saw the rhino quietly feeding in the same place.

My first introduction to a rhino was on the Athi Plains, about four days after our shooting began. I had been following a herd of water-buck all day, and I was trying to get up to them in open ground, when suddenly a rhino appeared on their left flank. I had left my gun-bearer behind, and was armed only with a Mauser, and after surveying this relic of the Ark, I continued to pursue the water-buck, passing him at about 300yds., a range which I thought safe, as the wind was blowing from him. I had just got level with him, when an opportunity occurred to shoot at the water-buck, of which I took advantage; on which the rhino became violently excited, and with head and tail up he proceeded to nose towards me, quartering like a setter. The wind, generally shifty, had shown him my whereabouts, but he was too blind to be able to make me out. He had a very poor horn, so as I had no wish to try conclusions with him, I advanced to the rear, and breathed more freely when I looked round and saw him facing the opposite way, investigating a deceptive puff of wind from the other direction.

My first proper encounter came the next day. I had just met B. alone, who had left his gun-bearer behind to cut up a beast, and was consequently without his heavy rifle. Whilst looking round with our glasses, we made out a rhino about a mile off on the open plain. It alternately looked obvious and invisible, according to the way the sun struck it. We waited a little for signs of B.'s gun-bearer, and off we went. My gun-bearer, one known as Jumah Gunbearah, a Baganda, explained to us, as best he could, that all we had to do was to walk up and



A TWENTY-SEVEN INCH HORN.



GRAZING PEACEFULLY.

shoot it, and so we did. But on getting nearer we found that there were three together—a male with a nice horn, a female with two nearly equal horns (probably about 16in. long), and a big calf two-thirds grown. I confess that one or two excuses for leaving them alone occurred to me; but B., who never knew what fear was, and Jumah, who always evinced the greatest contempt for rhinos, were for losing no time, so I decided that any misgivings I might have felt were out of place. We attempted no concealment of any sort, except as regards the wind, and got within 100yds. before they noticed us. They were standing in a lazy, reflective sort of attitude, looking like big black pigs, doing nothing in particular, until up went the calf's tail, and round spun the old ones, different ways, to try to determine on which side the danger lay. As the old bull turned broadside on I gave him a solid 450 cordite bullet in the shoulder, and off they all went, the bull by himself, until suddenly down he went, quite dead, after running about 60yds. The female several times thought better of her ignominious flight and turned, and even advanced a few yards, but ultimately made off. We could see her for quite three miles, going hard. As the game laws only allow one two rhinos, one was inclined to forego this excellent opportunity of getting a right and left. The bull's front horn measured 23in., a very fair specimen, and the back horn about 9in. We noticed the females were much

more inclined to have the second horn of nearly the same length as the front, but, when this was not the case, the front horn was longer and thinner.

A little success is apt to give a swollen head; in this case I was so satisfied at the ease with which a big beast had been secured, that I acquired a quite unjustifiable confidence, which might have got me into trouble. The next day I saw a female rhino and a calf on the plain, and thought I would get a photograph; so I took my heavy rifle and camera and proceeded to stalk them.

As we had seen no birds on these beasts previously, I quite forgot about them, and was surprised, when still about 80yds. off, by about six of them flying into the air and uttering loud cries of alarm. The alarm was at once sounded; the old one apparently made me out, and came along diagonally, first one side, then the other, with short stops in between. I had taken a snap-shot with the Kodak as they stood at first; but, as the old lady continued to advance, I beat a slow retreat, hoping she would not find me. However, she came on to about 30yds., when I began to think things were getting a bit dangerous; so,



MEAT FOR THE CAMP FOLLOWERS.

as she faced a bit sideways, I put a bullet into her hump—that mass of flesh and small bones above the vital part—which made her change her mind, and we could see her retreating at best pace for miles. I do not think this wound would be at all a serious one to her.

The next rhino was a lucky chance. Jumah and I were out on our own, and engaged in admiring three beautiful elands, which appeared to know they were protected by the game laws, and allowed a near approach. We heard a shot a mile or more away, and soon after a rhino came over a rise in the ground and up a deep in which we were standing, straight for us. I got out the camera, hoping he would pass quite close, and waited till he got within 40yds. or so. Jumah, meanwhile, had disdained to sit, and was moving about behind me, and attracted the beast's attention, for he immediately swerved and came straight for us. I had him nicely in the finder, so, when he got to about 30yds., I snapped, and, throwing the camera away, gave him both barrels. The first failed to stop him, but number two turned him round. Reloading quickly, I gave him one behind at about 100yds., which, by a most fortunate fluke, glanced off a bone upwards and



A NOONDAY NAP.

got him in the spine. His quarters went down, and he kept sitting up like a dog, then flopping over (during which time I got a shot with the camera). I finished him off with the 450. It turned out B. had wounded it, and he now came up in hot pursuit. This rhino, a male, had a very fine horn, 27in., and a second horn about 10in.

Another rhino of which I took a photograph was lying down half asleep, and we watched it for a long time flapping its ears and moving its head continually to keep the flies off. We got to within 20yds., and I got a photograph without disturbing it, and advanced another 5yds. to get another, when I suddenly saw an eye open, and in a surprisingly short space of time it was up and round. If one had kept one's head a most interesting photograph would have been the result, but, as it was, the rifle came handiest, and down he went dead with a shot through his heart. This is the only rhino either of us killed on the spot with a shoulder shot, though, as a rule, one shot was sufficient, unless the beast was charging, in which case the horn, which practically covers the brain, complicates the shot. I believe if one cannot make sure of the brain, and feels disinclined to sit down low enough to get the chest, the nostrils are the best mark. I have heard of a rhino being knocked out, perhaps only temporarily, with a .303 soft-nosed bullet in the nostrils. The neck-shot at a rhino, when broadside on, is the best. One should approach to within 30yds. or 40yds., or nearer, which is usually very easily done, and aim at about two-thirds down the neck, a few inches behind the ear. The main thing to remember is that in the back part of the neck the greater part is hump, so it is preferable, when in doubt, to shoot low rather than high, as if one misses the vertebrae there are still the windpipe and several important blood vessels, which if hit will kill the beast within a few minutes.

B. shot a fine rhino at Baringo, with a front horn 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. There was no wind at all, and he had got to within 60yds. of it when a sudden puff apprised the rhino of his danger. Down he came straight for B., but the puff of wind failing, he stood scenting, and gave B. his opportunity, which he took. On another occasion, accompanied by twenty men, we passed a rhino in this bush within 100yds. The wind was right, and he took no notice of us, though several of the men were talking. We decided on a photograph, and followed him some way; eventually getting within 30yds. of him in a fairly open place, B. stood straight up and took a snap, whilst I stood within 10yds. to B.'s left to get a side shot if he charged. At the click of the camera the rhino stood staring intently at B. for quite a minute, when he suddenly turned and went off, tail in air.

I had an amusing encounter with two rhinos on another occasion in German East Africa. I was after roan antelope, and was going through thin bush rather like an orchard. I was riding a mule we had then, and had quite fifty Wageia natives, who used to turn up from nowhere in particular, following. The right glass of my spectacles, on which I am quite dependent, suddenly fell out, and I had to dismount in no amiable frame of mind and grope for the glass in a tangle of herbage. My gun-bearer just then caught my arm and whispered "Nyama" (game), but I shook him off, asking how he expected me to see game with a blurred mist in front of my eyes. He, however, continued to gesticulate in an excited manner, so looking up, I saw dimly (owing to my lopsided vision) two rhinos, about 30yds. off, coming at their best pace. The accompanying natives had already betaken themselves to a safe place, so I lost no time in getting behind the nearest tree, some 10yds. off; the mule very sensibly followed, and the two beasts rushed by the spot where

we had been standing, snorting like steam engines, and their tails erect in the air. My gun-bearer, Kasabba, a splendid chap, loosed off a soft-nosed bullet from the Mauser he was carrying. He missed clean, but at a range of 10yds. a black man seldom hits a dangerous beast, even though, as in this man's case, he could knock over a buck at 15yds. We saw these two rhinos again another day, and amused ourselves by getting in a kopje



"HABET."

quite close and shouting. They were entirely nonplussed by the situation, and dashed hither and thither in frantic excitement before they decided ultimately to take themselves off. A rhino, like an elephant, hates a dog. We had a charming Airedale called Nell; she enjoyed rhinos above everything, and would run them a mile or so. On these occasions the rhino never attempted to turn at her, but simply lay legs to the ground in a panic, whilst Nell would snap at their heels.

At Baringo we found a rhinoceros grindstone. Whilst a



"JUMAH" AND MASAI BOY.

beast shot by B. was being skinned, two rhinos came along and started stropping their horns in turn. They rubbed them first one side of the stone, then the other, and on subsequent examination we found the stone was polished perfectly smooth, and showed signs of having been used for this purpose regularly. It was a stone about 3ft. high, with a round top. It is very difficult to cure a rhino's head-skin, as a space forms between

the horn and the bone, and unless great care is taken, the horn rots off. We always found it necessary to dry their skins in the shade. We found the females had thicker hides than the males. Rhinos either breed very rarely, or grow very quickly, as one often sees a cow with a calf nearly full grown. When the calf is small, the cow keeps to herself. F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.

GUINEA-PIGS.

THEY were nice confiding little animals in schoolboy days, giving little trouble and much comfort when pulled out of a top-hat to while away the dull minutes of the morning sermon. Mice and rats ran about too actively, entailing sudden grabs that were apt to attract the shocked attention of the other pews, and subsequent explanation to the master in charge. In those same far-away days the conjurer on Weymouth Esplanade never failed to bring down his house when, after cutting someone's best handkerchief into strips, and having asked the audience most particularly to notice which hat it had been put under, he raised the said hat, and, behold! not the handkerchief, but a guinea-pig. Its appearance was so deliciously irrelevant that it was quite irresistible. So that a great surprise awaited those who, after a lapse of twenty years, were reintroduced to their old loves, and found them to be a most illustrious breed with a club of their own—the National Cavy Club—and with no doubt a stud-book in the background, besides other literature and breeding lore. For, indeed, careful attention to breeding may, as

in other fancies, meet its due rewards in cups and H.C.'s. In fact, as votaries at this new altar say, there are possibilities in this animal. What these possibilities may be the illustrations

C. Cadby.



JOCK AND BABY.

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shown give a very good idea of. The wearer of such a handsome motoring coat as Primrose might well be mistaken for a species of Yorkshire or Skye terrier (though it is just possible in this case

to see which end bites); but he is neither dog nor North Country bred, but a cream coloured Peruvian, four months old with whose coat immense trouble has been taken to get the parting down the back correct. Brushing, combing, and in some cases even curling papers are resorted to when preparing for a show.

Another variety, the Abyssinian, is represented by Mab, with a fine yellow and black coat, which illustrates clearly the rosettes, or circles, each with a sepa-

rate centre that are so prized by connoisseurs. The name Abyssinian, it may be said in passing, is an utterly fancy appellation, all known varieties coming originally from South America; they, however, seem to lend themselves readily to the production of fresh varieties, and it is on this quality that breeders base their hope of a future for their "Fancy." They have already acquired constitutions that defy our climate, and whereas in a wild state their powers of reproduction are small, the domesticated ones have acquired as great an aptitude for the multiplication table as the proverbial rabbit. An old tradition used to assert their ability to eat rats, but the result of shutting up the two in a loose box for a night, did not bear out such a conclusion. In the morning the guinea-pigs had disappeared, and a general air of roundness and satisfaction about the rats proclaimed that for once, at any rate, they had had a good square (or should it be an oblong) meal; in fact, they are the guinea-pigs' most dangerous enemy, far more so than even the cat.

They make excellent eating, and once the conservative tastes of this country get over the novelty of the diet, there should be no difficulty in disposing of the many surplus young ones at remunerative prices. Possibly



TWILIGHT.

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PRIMROSE.

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cooks could say something, as they would, already about their reception by the public.

The close and remarkable resemblance of the blood and pulse of this little animal to those of the human species accounts no doubt for its usefulness to doctors in experimental work. They become very affectionate as pets, welcoming their feeder with a low squeak of delight, and enjoy being made a fuss of like any dog, and it is said, unlike the wretched little Spitz, will never allow themselves to be trodden upon, a very great point in their favour. It was, indeed, in the light of these more recent developments, a grave act of irreverence to convey an animal of such possibilities to church in the pocket of an Eton jacket.

IN THE GARDEN.

MARGUERITE CARNATIONS.

We hear much of the beautiful border and Malmaison Carnation, but little of quite a distinct and charming class, popularly known as "Marguerite." The varieties are numerous, and evidently belong to the race of Indian Pinks, or *Dianthus chinensis*, to give the Latin name, rather than to the flowers that have been derived from the wild Carnation of cranny and castle wall, the graceful little *Dianthus Caryophyllus*. Their association with the Indian Pinks suggests that the wise way of treating them is as annuals, and it is possible by sowing seeds at various intervals to secure a very welcome succession of flowers. If seed is not wanted from the plants, throw them away, and begin afresh the following year. It is better to practise this than to keep the old plants and renew the stock from cuttings. The Marguerite Carnation is sometimes recommended for cutting, but the flowers must be gathered before they are fully expanded. As soon as the anthers burst fertilisation takes place, and fading quickly follows. It is as a pot plant that the Marguerite Carnation reveals its true character, and where a good strain has been obtained the flowers are diversified and pretty in colouring. By "strain" is intended the race of plants; that is, a collection of Begonias, Gloxinias, or Chinese Primulas is described as a strain, and the more beautiful the varieties in the strain, the more satisfactory the results. Marguerite Carnations raised from the finest seed produce very few single flowers, and it is the doubles we wish to be in the majority. In a batch of seedlings some of the straggling growers may be weeded out when potting on the young plants. The seeds may be sown in January for the earliest plants, and any time onwards until the end of April. A sowing made early in August will give good plants for flowering in early spring. The seeds may be sown in good loamy soil with a little sand added, and sow thinly, to avoid, as much as possible,



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MAB.

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GUINEA-PIGS : PERUVIANS.

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what is called "damping off." Place the seed pots in a light position, keep the soil moist, and then, if the sun shines full on the pots, no harm will result. Pot off the seedlings singly as soon as the seed leaves are well developed, and endeavour to keep the little plants short and strong from the beginning, an object only achieved by giving plenty of air and light. When potting into larger pots, a liberal quantity of manure may be used with the loam and the soil made moderately firm. Give liquid manure freely as soon as the flower buds begin to show. From seed sown in March or April flowering plants may be expected in about three months. As already mentioned, seedlings raised from seed derived from the most beautiful strains give a great variety of colours, some of which are wonderfully bright

and pretty, and the scent is pleasantly strong. It is necessary to isolate the different colours when a repetition of the colours is desired. The Marguerite Carnation is quite a plant for the beginner, and its cultivators should increase as the merits of this quaint race become more widely known.

RANDOM NOTES.

Seasonable Work.—We are now at the height of spring work. It is the great time for seed sowing, and sowings should have been made already for successional displays in gardens of sufficient size for the purpose. Garden Peas may be gathered in moderately normal years until November without

recourse to the warm house. A dish of English-grown outdoor Peas in autumn is as welcome as the first Asparagus. Preparations should have been made for the summer colouring, and the various things either in the seedling stages—the tuberous Begonias, China Aster, and so forth—or, it is hoped, as vigorous cuttings, which in due course will be gradually inured to a colder temperature to harden them for their outdoor life. At present the beds are in their full spring beauty, and cannot be interfered with, but at the first opportunity dig up the soil in readiness for the summer occupants. Where Ivy has not been trimmed back this should be done at once, removing rough growths, accumulations of refuse, and clipping holly. The reward for this is a pleasant surface of green foliage. Transplant and divide half-hardy perennials, and remember that in most cases their beauty is only fully shown when the plants are grouped. A massing of Michaelmas Daisies, Moon Daisy, Flame-flower, Phlox, Stock, Pansy, or Sunflower, is very beautiful. It is in this way the garden is flooded with colour until quite the late autumn days. The lawn must be well brushed to remove stones or bits of stick that may have remained from the usual spring dressing. Roll it well, remove any remaining weeds, and then cut carefully. A lawn well cared for at all seasons is a delight to walk and play upon in the summer and early autumn months.

The Beauty of Pansies.—It is late to plant Pansies, but there is time if the work is not delayed. There are several groups—fancy, German, and varieties—that are the pride of the exhibition, but it is the tufted varieties that have given a fresh interest to the English garden. The name "tufted" arose through the distinctive growth of the plant, which is quite tufted—short, stubby, and sturdy. It is always advisable, no matter what the country may be, to plant in autumn, as then there are the winter and early spring to solidify, so to say, the growth. Where plants have to be purchased it is always in autumn that the best stock is available. Pansies associate delightfully with Roses, that is, as a groundwork to the beds, but the respective flower-colourings must harmonise. It should not be forgotten that the charming little Violetta section, raised for the most part by the late Dr. Stuart of Chirnside, N.B., are flowers for the wall and rock garden, fragrant Violet-like sorts of winsome beauty. A brief selection of tufted Pansies is as follows: Acme, strong, but not too rampant, the flowers crimson with a purplish shade, not unpleasant, in spite of the description; Archie Grant, pure indigo blue, a beautiful and effective colouring; Ardwell Gem, the

best of all the yellow varieties, in the opinion of the writer; Bessie, a blushed-coloured flower of much charm; Blue Gown, a soft, mauvy blue, one of the most perfect of tufted Pansies; Blue Tit, quite blue, small-flowered, as the name suggests, and most useful for walls, rock garden, or as an edging; Bridal Morn, heliotrope; Bullion, golden yellow; Councillor W. Waters, purple crimson; Devonshire Cream, a most descriptive name; Duchess of Fife, primrose with blue edge; Duncan, deep mauve; Grace, the upper petals soft lilac, the lower cream; Hawke, deep blue; Kingcup, yellow, a good variety for southern counties, as it is happy in dry weather; Lark, white and heliotrope, very charming; Mrs. E. A. Cade, yellow; Primrose Dame, primrose colour; Queenie, a pretty Pansy, cream, with streaks and bordering of lavender;

Seagull, pure white; The Mearns, plum colour, with an edging of white to the upper petals; White Beauty, white; and Yellow King, deep yellow.

The Most Beautiful Outdoor Chrysanthemums.—Of recent years a class of hardy flowers called the outdoor Chrysanthemum has been gradually forging to the front, and this popularity is due to the more recent additions, which are distinguished by a brightness of colouring that gives a new interest to the autumn garden. It is unnecessary to describe their cultivation, all that is required being a good garden soil, with late planting. Early Chrysanthemums, as they are called, should not be put out until the end of April. The following are the most beautiful varieties, the colour of the flowers and height of the plants being given: Bobbie Burns, pink shaded with salmon, 2½ ft.; Carrie, deep yellow, 2 ft.; Crimson Marie Masse, 3 ft.; Elenore, rose and salmon, 4 ft.; Firefly, crimson and gold, 3 ft.; Goacher's Crimson, 2½ ft.; Howard H. Crane, chestnut with a shade of crimson in it, 5 ft. (this flower in October); Horace Martin, intense yellow, 2½ ft.; Jason, soft yellow, 4 ft. (October); Leonard Peto, clear yellow, 2 ft.; Mme. Casimir Perrier, white and pink, 2½ ft.; Maggie, yellow self, 2½ ft.; Market White, 2 ft.; Mons. Gustave

Grunerwald, pinky white, 2 ft.; Mytchett White, 2 ft.; Nina Blick, reddish scarlet and bronze, 4 ft. (October flowering); Ralph Curtis, cream colour, 2½ ft.; Rosie, terra-cotta, 2 ft.; Ryecroft Beauty, delicate pink, 2½ ft.; and White Quintus, pure white, 3 ft. (flowering in October). This is a selection of quite the newest varieties, and can be scarcely improved upon.

A. S. Orlebar.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

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CUCKOO-LORE.

PERHAPS no bird is associated with more quaint superstitions and legends than the cuckoo—*Cuculus canorus*—whose clear monotonous notes echo across the dewy meadows amid April's mingled showers and sunshine, and through the long bright days of May, when the pale sweet cuckoo flowers open their lilac petals in moist fields, and the bluebells, which are said to bloom with the coming of the pretty grey bird, spread an azure carpet in the woodland glades. Like the cardamine, or lady smock, these blossoms are known as cuckoo flowers, and in Shropshire as cuckoo's boots. The early purple orchis and the ragged robin *Lychnis Flos-cuculi*, share the former name, and the wood rush is often called cuckoo grass. The wild arum is the cuckoo pint, the pale scentless dog violet is the cuckoo's shoe, the dull purple blossoms of the monkshood are cuckoo caps, and the pretty golden flowers of the bird's foot trefoil, *Lotus corniculatus*, are known in some counties as the cuckoo's stockings. The delicate wood sorrel is cuckoo's meat; the French name it *pain de coucou*, and the Germans cuckoo's sorrel. In some parts of England the hawthorn is known as the cuckoo's bread and cheese tree—the unopened buds representing the bread and cheese. It is uncertain what flower Shakespeare meant by cuckoo buds of yellow hue; some say they were cowslips, which the French call *coucous*, others maintain they were buttercups.

There is a widely-spread belief that the cuckoo has undergone some strange metamorphosis, and is a mystic and uncanny creature, and as these birds are found in almost every part of the world, there are countless legends concerning them.

The Hindoos think that the *köel*, or Indian cuckoo, is the spirit of a sutee returning to earth. Orientals consider the monotonous cry of the bird extremely musical, and think it a great compliment to compare anyone to a *köel*. Lady Curzon enjoyed this distinction! The Indian cuckoo is black, with bright red eyes. Another member of the cuckoo family is "the brain-fever bird," whose shrill note echoes incessantly through the hottest weather. The Mahomedans say the cuckoo is always calling upon God; hence it is one of the ten creatures admitted with man into Paradise!

Juno was represented with this bird on her sceptre, and Jupiter was said to have assumed the form of a cuckoo. The ancients held many odd superstitions concerning the creature;

but it was during the Middle Ages that the greatest number of strange beliefs were connected with the bird, whose name, derived from its cry, is almost identical in every European language. It is *kokkus* in Greece, *cuculo* in Italy; the Germans call it *kukuk*, and locally *geck* and *gauch*, words derived, like the Scotch "gowl" from the Anglo-Saxon *geac*, which meant a fool or simpleton—hence "a gawk"—as well as a cuckoo. In Scotland April fools are known as "April gouks" and "a gouk's nest" is equivalent to "a mare's nest," or a piece of folly. The cuckoo is popularly called *gök* in Scandinavia, and *guggu* in some of the Swiss cantons; in Russia it is *kukaliza* or *kukavitzza*; the Poles call it *kukulka*, and along the Illyrian coast it is *kukutha* and *kucavasca*.

The Russian, Poles, and Magyars regard the cuckoo as an emblem of death and sorrow, and have many stories concerning it! A Magyar legend tells that there was once a beautiful girl named Kukavitzza, or Cuckoo, who had an only and much-loved brother, who was killed by a falling tree in the forest. The shock deprived the maiden of her reason, and she left her home and dwelt in the woods, whither friends came to bring her food and clothing, but she only emerged at night from her hiding-places in caves and thickets and wandered through the forest, crying her brother's name, till at last she forgot this, and called her own instead—"Kuka! Kuka!" Years passed by, and Kukavitzza was seen no more, but the wood-cutters and hunters who frequented the forest noticed that every spring a pretty shy grey bird appeared crying the poor girl's name, and they guessed that the mourning sister had been changed into this form, and ever since Hungarian and Slav girls who have lost a brother weep at the voice of the cuckoo.

Another German legend attributes the cuckoo's call to conceit on his part. A starling one day met a cuckoo, and the latter enquired what people thought of the thrush. "The whole town worships him," said the starling. "And the lark?" "Half the town talks of him." "The blackbird?" "Some admire his voice." "But how about me?" "I never hear your name," said the starling. "Well then," replied the cuckoo, "I must sing my own praises—Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" And he has been singing them ever since.

It is a vexed question when this fine-weather friend should arrive, but it must be in April, the cuckoo month, for

"In April come he will;
In May he sings all day;
In June he alters his tune;
In July he prepares to fly;
In August go he must!"

Another version runs thus:

"The cuckoo comes in April;
Sings a song in May;
Then in June another tune;
And then she flies away!"

And an ancient rhyme informs us that

"The third of April
Come in the cuckoo and the nightingale!"

White says the bird may appear any day between the 7th and 27th of the month, but in some places April 14th is known as Cuckoo Day. In Sussex there is a tradition that every autumn all these birds are given into the care of an old woman, who locks them up in her cottage till Heathfield Fair (April 14th). Then she packs them into her apron and trots off to the fair, where she lets them fly.

Worcestershire folks say the bird is never heard before Tenbury Fair (April 20th), or after Pershore Fair (June 26th), and a great many people think St. George's Day (April 23rd) the proper date for the arrival of the cuckoo.

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In Ireland the bird is supposed to leave on St. John's Day, and on the eve he is said to sit on a hawthorn and sing a sad farewell to "Green Erin." The Germans think a famine may be expected if the cuckoo is heard after midsummer. By this time, however, the note is no longer the clear high-pitched "Cuckoo!" of springtide, but the hoarse stammering "Cuck-uck-uck-oo!" referred to by the Elizabethan poet, John Heywood:

"In April the Coooco can sing her song by rote;
In June oft time she cannot sing a note!
At first 'koo, koo,' 'koo, koo,' sings till she can do
At last 'kooco, kooco, kooco,' six koookes to one koo!"

Some say the bird is the first to sing in the early spring, others claim this distinction for the willow-wren. At all events, he former is said to bring the summer and the fine weather:

"Summer is icomen in,
Lhude sing, cuckoo!"

This song is said to be the first in the English language which was set to music, and is of great antiquity.

In Ireland it is considered most unlucky to kill a cuckoo, or break its eggs, though it is not a good thing to find them:

"He who finds a cuckoo's egg
For better luck let him go beg!"

and

"A cuckoo's egg if woman find,
Let purity be in her mind;
But if a man, for many a day
Let him fast and let him pray!"

The Irish peasantry say that, if a single cuckoo comes to the door and looks in, it is a death-warning. This is not a common occurrence, for the bird is very shy and avoids houses. If a pair of cuckoos are seen in a garden or near a house, a wedding is supposed to take place in the family during the year!

Irish people share the almost universal superstition that one can discover how long it will be before one's marriage or death by counting the number of times the bird calls when first heard, and we often hear children and young girls repeating the rhyme:

"Cuckoo! cherry tree!
Pretty bird, tell me
How many years it will be
Before I am married?"

or

"Before I die?"

Very similar is the French:

"Coucou ! Boloton !
Regarde sur ton grand livre
Combien y a d'années à vivre ?"

or

"Coucou des villes,
Coucou des bois,
Combien ai-je d'années à me
marier ?"

Danish, Swedish, German, and Swiss girls question him in similar fashion; but, if he cries "Cuckoo" more than ten times in reply, no notice is to be taken of what he says, for he is sitting on an enchanted branch!

According to a Danish legend, the cuckoo has no time to build a nest, because it is kept too busy answering questions in springtime, for young girls run out into the fields and kiss their hands to the bird, saying, "Pretty cuckoo, how long will it be till I am married?" and old folks ask, "Pretty cuckoo, when shall I be released from the cares of this weary world?"

Another explanation of the cuckoo's shortcomings as a housekeeper is that she was once so occupied with nest-building that she neglected to keep any holidays, even those of the Blessed Virgin, and so she was forbidden to build a nest for evermore, and all other birds hate and shun her!

The American cuckoo, which occasionally visits our shores, builds a nest, as our own cuckoo has been known to do. The Transatlantic species is smaller, and does not repeat the word "cuckoo" at all as distinctly as the European bird.

The Greeks called the cuckoo "the turtle leader," because he preceded the turtle-dove. In Germany and England the wryneck invariably appears a few days before the cuckoo; hence his names of "cuckoo's footman," "cuckoo's mate," and "cuckoo's fool."

Some say the hen does not sing, but merely screams and chatters; others say both birds join in the shrill cry. The cuckoo lays about twenty eggs each season, but only puts one in each nest, whether she is supposed to convey it in her bill. She generally favours the hedge-sparrow, titlark, wagtail, and some of the finches; but many other small birds come in for a share of her eggs. Pliny, describing how young cuckoos were hatched by the titlark, said that as soon as they could fly they devoured their foster-mother! Shakespeare held a similar opinion:

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young!"

The bird is innocent of this crime, but it does throw its companions out of the nest! It is probably another libel that the full-grown cuckoo

"Sucks little birds' eggs to make her voice clear,
That she may cry 'Cuckoo' three months in the year!"

The poet Chester made a curious allusion to the bird in "Love's Martyr":

"The spring-delighting bird we call the cuckow,
Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,
Her pretie one note to the world doth show
Some men their destinie."

The winter's envious blast she never tasteth,

Yet in all countries doth the cuckow sing,

And often-times to peopled towns she hasteth

Therefor to tell the pleasures of the spring :

Great courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye,

Knowing that she presageth destinie.

She scoris to labour, or to make a nest,

But creeps by stealth into some other's roome ;

And with the larke's deare yong, her yong one's rest,

Being by subtile dealing overcome;

The yong birds are restorative to eate,

And held amongst us as a prince's meate!"

Nobody eats cuckoos nowadays, but the belief that the birds do not migrate, but spend the winter in a torpid state in hollow trees, lingers in the Cornish legend that cuckoos fly out of a burning log in the spring!

Another theory was that they were changed into hawks during the winter, when they hunted and killed little birds, a Greek superstition disproved by Aristotle. Owing to the resemblance of cuckoos to some of the small hawks, this is not an unaccountable notion, as we see by the behaviour of many little birds, who treat it as they do hawks and owls, flying chattering after it in large parties—perhaps thinking "there is safety in a multitude!"

In Ireland and the West of England it is said to be very lucky to hear the cuckoo first in the right ear, or in front of one; if the sound comes from the left or the rear it is an evil omen. It is also said to be unlucky to hear the bird for the first time in bed, and there is a widely-spread belief that one ought to be walking on this auspicious occasion—"Gang and hear the gowk yell" is one of the Scotch recipes for securing a year of prosperity—and if a girl goes into the fields at dawn, and begins to run when she hears the cry, only stopping when she is out of breath, and then takes off her right shoe, she will find in it a hair of the same colour as that of her future husband! Another way of ascertaining this important matter is to sit down on a green bank the moment one hears "Cuckoo!" saying,

"May this to me now lucky be!" while pulling off one's shoe, when the hair will be found beneath the sole.

Of course, we must wish when we first hear the cuckoo, and turn our money, if we do not want to be short of that necessary commodity before the year is out! There are countless other tales and superstitions, including that of the Three Wise Men of Gotham, who thought to secure eternal spring by building a hedge round the cuckoo! Space, however, forbids me to linger further on this theme.

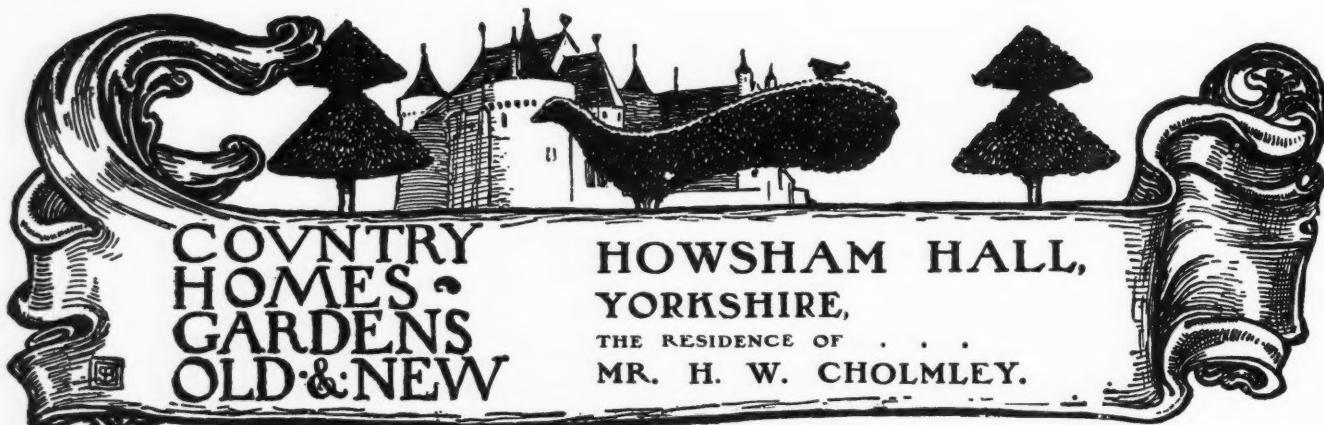
MAUD E. SARGENT.



C. M. Cooper.

THE CUCKOO.

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We present to-day illustrations of two extremely beautiful old houses, and we do so because they offer a striking contrast of style and character—one of ancient stone, the other of ancient timber, the Yorkshire house of Howsham, like Hardwicke, remarkable for "its many-windowed wall," the old mansion in the sister shire a superb and curious example of timber construction in the so-called "magpie" manner. The house of wood is older than the house of stone, though, if tradition be believed, the material of which Mr. Cholmley's dwelling-place is constructed was quarried from the remains of neighbouring Kirkham Abbey, which reforming zeal and iconoclastic fury had despoiled. Howsham Hall is a fine specimen of Elizabethan domestic architecture, standing in the parish of Scrayingham, near the village of Whitewell, upon rising ground on the east side of the Yorkshire Derwent. Just at this point that beautiful river emerges from the narrow, tortuous valley through which it cleaves its way between the hanging woods of Castle Howard and the meadows on which the venerable ruin of Kirkham stands, and, but for the existence of which narrow valley, a large part of pastoral Yorkshire on the other side of the hills would probably

be a lake. The romantic dale is well known to all observant travellers who have journeyed by rail from York to Malton, and we may remark, incidentally, with reference to Howsham Hall, that Kirkham Priory was founded by the same Walter l'Espec who established the monks at neighbouring Rievaulx, and that he is said to have done so in memory of his only son, who was killed in the chase on the spot where Kirkham stands.

The estate formed part of the possessions of Kirkham Priory, with the green beauty of a sylvan vale and the pleasant winding of a Yorkshire stream for its setting. When the dissolution of the abbeys came, the property was granted to the family of Eure; but it afterwards passed to Thomas Bamburgh of Howsham, whose son William Bamburgh was knighted in April, 1603, on the accession of James I., being a man of weight in the shire and High Sheriff in 1607-8. He was raised to the baronetcy in December, 1619, and lived till 1623. Sir William Bamburgh was the builder, about 1612, of Howsham Hall, taking the material for the edifice, as has been said, from the ruins of Kirkham, which had fallen into his hands. Little of the priory, therefore, now remains above ground; but the gateway is there, an exquisite fragment of Decorated architecture, still standing by



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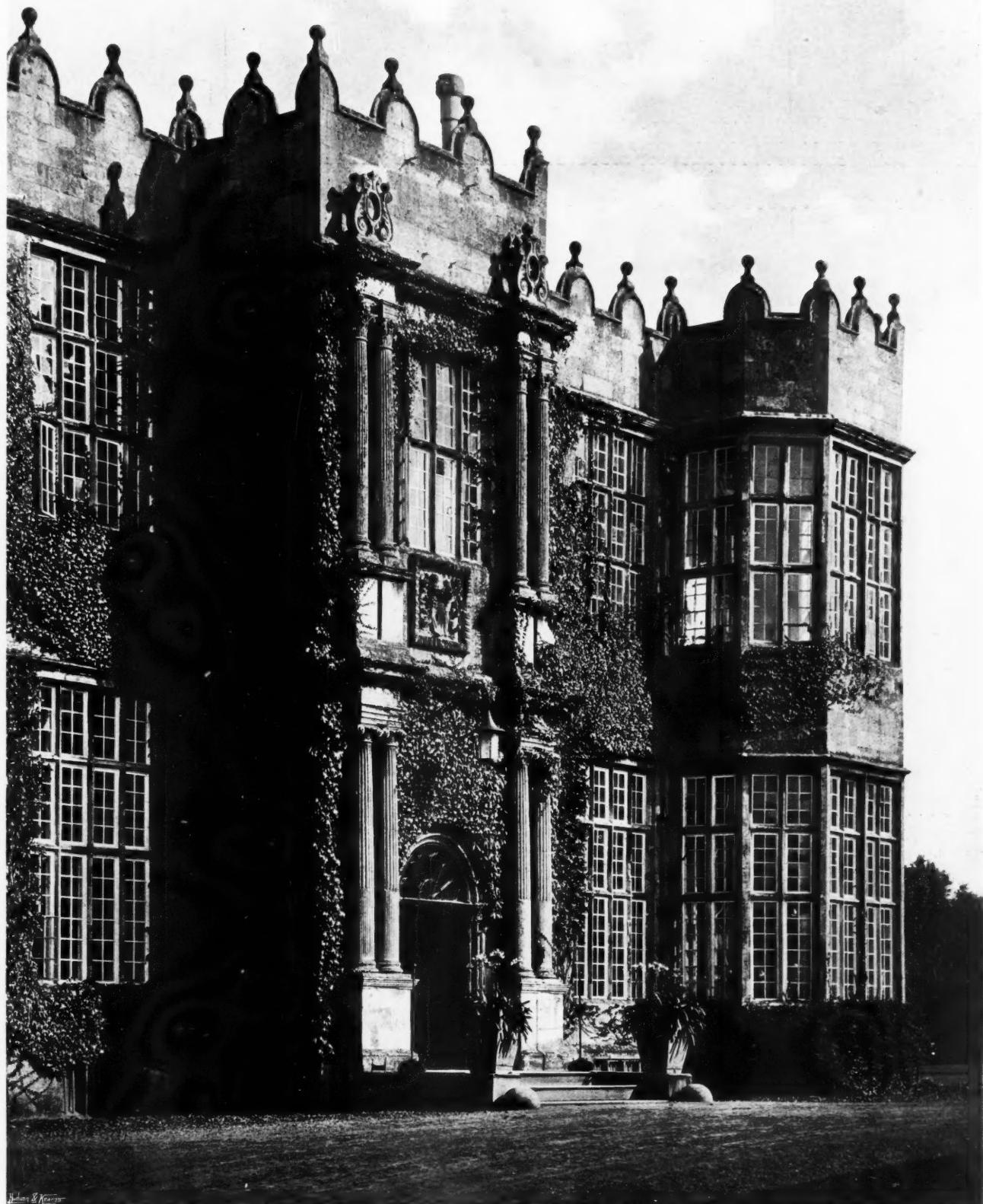
THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE PORCH.

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THE EAST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the stream, to delight for a moment those who traverse the winding valley by the railway.

Manifestly, Howsham Hall belongs to a spacious age, in which men loved the daylight, for its whole front is a wonder of mullioned windows, many-lighted and multitudinous in their leaded panes. It is a great and spacious quadrangular edifice, with excellent bays, and a curious and unusual "Vandycked" parapet. The porch gives dignity to the front, with its round doorway, its shield of arms, and its coupled fluted columns in two orders, Ionic and Corinthian. The details of the carved stonework are bold and excellent throughout, and the colour of the stone is very agreeable. On the east side some changes have been effected, and the windows there are now of a plainer character. The rooms are flooded with sunlight, and the outlook to the woodland surroundings is singularly rich and beautiful. Jacobean architecture has given us much that is delightful in the English form of the Renaissance, but nothing better than such exquisite work as we observe in the principal front of Howsham Hall.

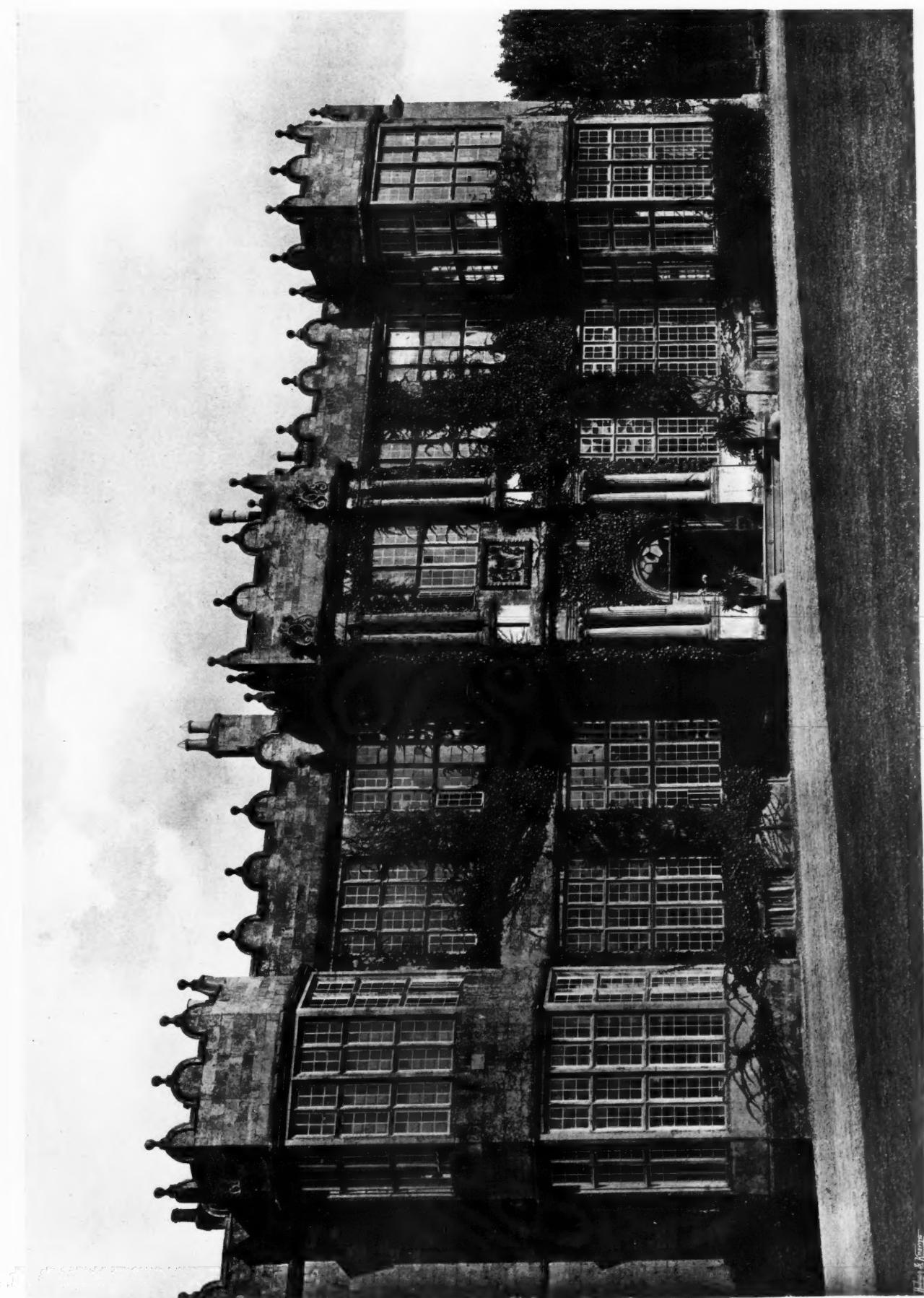
The widow of Sir William Bamburgh married, as his second wife, Thomas, first Lord Fairfax of Emley, who lived some time at Howsham, and died there in 1636. Meanwhile there had been two other baronets of the Bamburgh line, both boys, who died at the ages of sixteen and eleven respectively, in 1623 and 1631, and with the last of them the baronetcy became extinct, the inheritance passing to two co-heirs, his sister Katharine, wife of Sir John Hotham, Bart., and his nephew, Thomas Wentworth, son of his deceased sister Mary. Howsham came to the family of Cholmley of Whitby, a branch of the great Cheshire house, which became enriched by grant and purchase, with the possessions of the famous abbey of St. Hilda. The first baronet was a strong Royalist, who for twelve months defended Scarborough Castle against the Parliament, his lady remaining with him to tend the sick and wounded. The second baronet married the daughter of Sir John Hotham, and Howsham Hall, which stood in a more sheltered place than the old hall at Whitby, still to be seen near the abbey on the cliff there, became the principal residence of the family. The fourth and last baronet of the line, Sir Hugh Cholmley, died in 1688, but his kindred long continued to reside there, until Henrietta, daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Nathaniel Cholmley, married Sir William Strickland, sixth baronet, of Boynton, who was descended from as sturdy a Parliamentarian as Sir Hugh Cholmley had been a stout Cavalier. Sir George Strickland, who succeeded, took the name

of Cholmley by royal licence, and died in 1874 at the age of ninety-two. His son, Sir Charles William Strickland, inherited Howsham Hall, as well as Boynton, Hildenley, Whitby, and other possessions, but Howsham is the residence of Mr. Harry Walter Cholmley, B.A., D.L., J.P., who succeeded to a part of the estate of Sir George Cholmley (formerly Strickland) in 1874.

Such is the brief history of the beautiful old Jacobean mansion, of which it only remains to say that it stands amid attractive gardens and well-wooded grounds, and that it is made interesting within by much excellent antique work, by many portraits of the Cholmeleys and their Yorkshire kindred, and by a singular series of paintings on cotton, representing the deeds of Cortez in the New World, which a member of the house of Cholmley is said to have captured out of a ship taken from the Spaniards.

SAMLESBURY HALL, LANCASHIRE.

OF Samlesbury Hall, once pre-eminent amongst the fine timber houses of Lancashire, and still retaining the impress of its former state, a great deal might be written. Those who desire to learn the history of its ancient possessors, or much in detail concerning its structure, may consult the volume which Mr. James Cruston devoted to it, and also Whitaker's "History of Whalley," while some may remember the picturesque interior given by Nash in his "Mansions of the Olden Time." We may say, indeed, of this quaint old fragment that it has a "literature" of its own, or, at least, that it has "illustrations" in much of topographical literature. Extraordinary are the vicissitudes which it has undergone. We may picture its quadrangular state, with its quatrefoil walls, its gate-tower, and mullioned oriels reflected in the moat. Then we may think of it decaying, passing into strange hands, and falling into Chancery, tenantless for dreary years. Next through its spacious park in the pleasant country near Preston, between the Ribble and the Darwen—where it looks out to the venerable front of Hoghton Tower—we see driven a high road whereby men go to and fro between Preston and Blackburn. The road runs very near to it, and soon it becomes a wayside inn, where the rustic quaffs



HOWSHAM HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his ale in the hall which has once been the pride of the knight or squire, and wherein he and his lady have welcomed their troops of friends. Strange turn of fortune is this, inflicting irreparable damage upon the mouldering structure, as shall be related, and then we find the house occupied as a "school for young ladies," and afterwards by a gentleman, who, indeed, loved it, and adorned it, but who, as if by a strange fatality, made it in some respects more incongruous still.

Such are, briefly, the changes which have passed over Samlesbury Hall. The descent of the place is traced back to one Cospatrick, who was Lord of Samlesbury in the time of John, and whose descendants took the name of Samlesbury, the line ending with an heiress, who, early in the fourteenth century, carried the estate in marriage to Sir Gilbert de Southworth. The descendants of the knight and his lady lived at Samlesbury Hall for some 350 years, and to them is due all its character. Some parts of the foundations may even go back to the first possessor of the name. They were men of high estate, these Southworths, inter-marrying with the great families of Hoghton, Molineux, Townley, and many more. Sir John Southworth of Samlesbury went to France in the retinue of Henry V. as a man-at-arms, having in his company another man-at-arms and six archers à pied. He fought at Agincourt and never returned, for he was

and yet now ancient part of Samlesbury Hall, married the daughter of Sir Thomas Butler of Bewsey, and his son Sir John was a man of knightly and military qualities, who saw service against the Scots. He was commended to the Earl of Shrewsbury by the Lords Eure and Wharton in these words: "He says he is a young man, and desirous to know service in war, and, as we think him to be recommended therein, being a toward and tall gentleman, we require your lordship to favour this his honest suit." Events which might have been tragic occurred in the household of Samlesbury in 1612, when Jane, daughter of Sir Richard Sherburne of Stoneyhurst, and wife of John Southworth, was tried for witchcraft, in causing the body of a certain girl to waste and consume. It is recorded that Sir John Southworth thought his daughter-in-law an "evil woman and a witch," saying that "he liked her not, and that he doubted she would bewitch him."

The lady survived her strange and cruel trial for many years, but the fortune of the Southworths fell, and her grandson sold Samlesbury to Thomas Braddell in 1677 for the sum of about £2,000. A division of the property and a family of fourteen children had completed the ruin. The mansion, which thus passed away, was of great magnificence, moated, and including three sides of a large quadrangle, with the hall and



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SAMLESBURY HALL: PART OF THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

seized with the dysentery which carried off so many at the siege of Harfleur, and there died.

The house was certainly standing in the fourteenth century, for in the year 1400 it already had a domestic chapel, wherein Thomas Southwell and Johan his wife had licence for divine service to be celebrated. By the time of Henry VIII. the south, or weather front, beaten by the winds and rains of a couple of centuries, called for repair, and Sir Thomas Southworth, whose name, with the date 1532, is in the carving, seems to have rebuilt that side, including the family wing, with the thin bricks used at that time. He repaired the great hall, apparently adding the magnificent carved screen, and putting the whole in a good state, as an inscription testifies. His work upon the structure continued for many years, and he completed the south-east wing in 1545. To him Samlesbury is indebted for nearly all its magnificent oak carvings. Mr. Henry Taylor, who has made an exhaustive comparison between the various old halls of Lancashire and Cheshire, says that the high table stood in a recess at the southern end of the hall with a canopy over it, of which the headpiece and side posts still remain. Two doors led away to the lord's chamber and family apartments, and there was a fine bay, forming part of a decagon. It is Mr. Taylor's belief that there never was a minstrels' gallery, though a small chamber was over the bay.

Sir Thomas Southworth, the builder of this more modern,

entrance in the centre. The structure rests in the customary way upon a stone base, and consists of vertical oak timbers, connected by horizontal beams, the intervening "panes" filled with thin brick and rough plaster. Though much reduced and changed, we may still see how many oaks must have bowed beneath the stroke ere this ancient structure was raised.

At the beginning of the last century the hall was divided amongst farmers. Then it was converted into an inn, and to dignify it, says Mr. Taylor, a minstrels' gallery was added in the wrong place. "Not merely was this barbarism perpetrated, but the magnificent mediæval oak screen was chopped up to form the gallery front, mingled with portions of old Jacobean bedsteads or other furniture, making altogether a most incongruous medley." The Perpendicular panelling was, and in parts still is, extremely fine, and the carved work is adorned with grotesque figures, twisted cornucopias and other devices, while the general proportions of the interior are very impressive, the roof pointed, and the framework divided into bays, forming good structural arches, resting on carved corbels. The inscription may still be read: "Ann. Dom. Mcccccccxxii. S. P. Bon. Statu. I.N.R.I. Thomas Southworth, Knight."

Later on Samlesbury came into the hands of the late Mr. J. Harrison, himself an archæologist, who added a wing, and further enriched the place, though, according to Mr. Taylor, not with perfect understanding of details. Nevertheless, it was



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE HALL.

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WEST END OF THE ANCIENT HALL.

Mr. Harrison who recovered the place from much decay, and to his care a great deal is due. It still remains with his family, but is occupied by Mr. Frederick Baynes, and is well preserved and judiciously maintained. The plan of the house is now that of the letter L, the great hall forming the shorter arm. The grounds are pleasantly laid out and attractive.

*MARCH IN A . . .
WESTERN COOMBE.*

GREY sky, grey distant hills, grey sea; and yet withal a beauty, soft and delicate, such as one often realises when late winter in its mildest form is rapidly merging into spring. On the hilltop one's pace is slackened for a moment to drink in the invigorating breath of heaven, and to gaze with rapture on the vista of heath-clad moorland and broken ridges that bound the horizon on the east and south, ending in long stretches of rocky coastline that are finally lost in sea and sky. Old Rough Tor frowns dark and lowering, and Brown Willy stands out black and grim above the misty haze that partly obscures the plain stretching away northwards from their base. Here and there are rich brown patches bounded by sombre, irregular lines of hedgerows; and here and there are pastures in hollows that, in spite of persistent grey, still show themselves in shades of ever-varying green, dotted with the forms of browsing cattle.

We turn down the narrow lane that leads to the wooded

"COUNTRY LIFE."

valley, and at once our horizon closes in. 'Tis an unfrequented spot, and almost from beneath our very feet the startled rabbits scurry off and seek safe quarters in the honeycombed hedges or in the warren below. Bunny and his family must have had a rare fright at our intrusion—not entirely on our account, however, for on turning the corner and walking almost noiselessly on the grass-grown pathway we come across an old dog-weasel, his head erect, his tail lowered, and with one paw poised in the air while he scents the intruders who have dared invade his domain. For a second he hesitates, as if in defiance, then bolts to earth at just the very spot where we force our way through the gap in the fence that leads to the stubble-field bordering the wood. The tough, gnarled branches of young scrub oak, still thickly covered with dry, brown, crackling leaves, are by no means an easy barrier; but slowly we squeeze our way through in Indian file, startling an assemblage of rooks that were busy feeding or debating in solemn council, and which slowly rose with loud caws, to settle again scarcely 100yds. off.

Yet one more obstacle, that looked so easy from the high ground over which we tramped, but which proved to be a labyrinth of tangled brushwood that hung out over a steep slope on the very edge of the coombe. What an endless fund of amusement these difficulties (if such they can be called) were to us, and how we laughed at the predicaments of the fat boys, old and young! To climb over the straggling branches of the larger growth meant a drop of at least 8ft.; to creep under and worm one's self through meant a liberal smearing of mother earth; but, after all, what did that matter! Surely there is nothing cleaner, and we wriggled and writhed until we—wormlike—gained the soft mossy slope below. A moment earlier one of our number had cynically asked, "Where are these woods?" Now, on looking down the valley, there was a general chorus of delight at the exquisite scene. Who can picture in words, no matter how full of life, the enchanting loveliness of English woodland scenery, even in early spring? The diversity of colouring which swathes the slopes, the creation of the mixed growth of oak, birch, beech, hemlock, spruce, and pine. The soft and radiant hues of the lesser growth flushing out in brilliant red and purple, with here and there dark olive patches of holly and clustering tree ivy.

Below us lay a little ruined cottage, sad testimony, alas! of rural depopulation. Time was when the laughter of merry children echoed up the hillside, and the silence of the woods was broken by the many noises that betoken a busy homestead. Now all is changed,

and a noisy streamlet has carved a new channel for itself across the woodland path, and with persistent and rebellious waywardness has even invaded what was once the little flower-patch in front, and actually forced its way under the rickety door, and by sinuous and dark channels traversed the interior and found an exit at the back, where it exultingly bursts forth, and with many a frantic leap hurries on to join the deep waters of an equally turbulent stream below.

And now we are in the deep and silent shade of the Coombe, with a hundred and one thoughts suggesting themselves at every turn, for Nature students must be all eyes and ears, and what the eye can detect and the ear hear must help us to fathom the truly endless queries that Mother Nature is constantly putting to us. Why is the ground under our feet so soft and springy? Why is the loam so dark and rich? And why are the ferns and other plants so green and of such giant dimensions? Again and again come shouts of rapturous delight at the finding of rare or uncommon specimens flourishing out of season, and we rush hither and thither to congratulate or envy. But we are not vandals, robbing and destroying ruthlessly. Each one of us is pledged not to wilfully destroy one single leaf of God's beautiful plant world, and hence no unseemly grubbing.

Here and there the old water-worn valley broadens out, and green meadows stretch away with luxurious pasture, already dotted with stray daffodils. We emerged suddenly at one of these clearings, and up shot a fine snipe with its peculiar flight. He looked a beautiful bird, and was indeed a marked contrast to a lean and hungry specimen we had started in just the very same spot in late October. A woodcock, too, timidly left the water-side,

and swept away under the dark shade of the overhanging woods. And now the noonday sun burst through the grey haze, and its warm rays brightened the whole scene. We were sitting on some fallen logs, enjoying our midday meal in picnic fashion, when, behold! there in the fork of an old apple tree (for we had taken possession of an ancient and deserted orchard) sat Shadow-tail, the squirrel, eyeing us in dreamy curiosity; lured from his winter slumber by the cheering beams, and prompted by internal yearning, no doubt, for one of those little sweet stores so

cunningly chosen last autumn, his tiny brain racked to remember the location of that much-desired spot. His lowered tail peeped round one side, his nose the other, or just as much of his nose as would admit of the bright little eye above. One movement on our part towards the tree, and Shadow-tail flew with all the agility of which his stiffened limbs were capable. Spluttering and swearing in true squirrel fashion, he leapt into an adjacent beech tree and was lost to view.

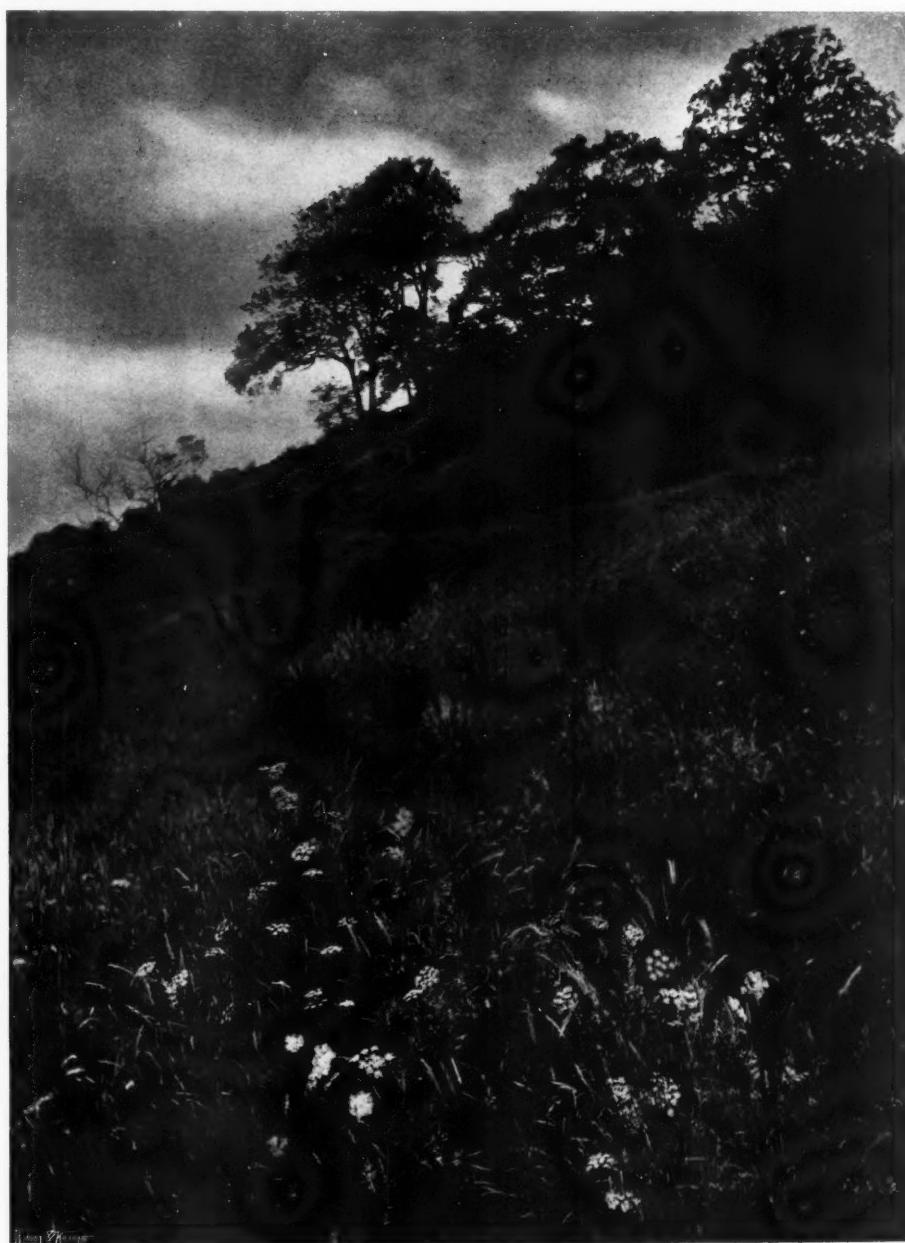
WILLIAM R. DUNSTAN.

ROMNEY MARSH.—I.

IT has been said that if anyone climbs Mount Pentelicus and looks round him on a clear day he will understand Greek history better than if he read a dozen commentators. It is not too much to say that anyone who stands on Lympne Hill, by the old castle, and looks over Romney Marsh, sees more of the history of England illustrated below and beside him than he can view from any other spot in Britain. Never was there such an encyclopædic view. It illustrates the physical history of the country, showing how the strange "eastward drift" of the pebble-shore changed the courses of rivers, left seaports high and dry, and aided man in winning Romney Marsh from the sea. It shows the actual handiwork of the Romans, whose castle (one of the line of forts built by the "Count of the Saxon shore" late in the occupation) lies just below beside the remains of what was once the principal Roman harbour of southern Britain, the Portus Lemanis from which the place obtained its name. The splendid and simple old Norman church, beside which the mediæval castle stands, was the work of Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the champion of England in the reign of John, and the draughtsman of the Magna Charta. The beautiful old crenellated house, once the abode of the archdeacons of Canterbury, to whom Langton gave it, is probably Late Plantagenet, though the dates of different parts vary. Below in the Marsh is the original and prototype of all English embanking and reclamation, by the side of which the work of the Dutchmen in our fens is a mere mushroom growth. The reclaimed Marsh was already an established fact, governed by a most remarkable code of laws and regulations, in the days of Henry II., and Dymchurch Wall, just rebuilt, is to-day the pattern and example of modern defence against the sea. The history of the British Fleet began just below Lympne Castle, for there was found an altar to Neptune, set up by the Roman sailors of the British Fleet (*Classiarii Britannici*), and the Cinque Ports from Saxon times until to-day are steadily associated with the story of the British Navy, the larger part of which they supplied for six centuries. Lastly, though the British Empire is the greatest museum of constitutions in the world (the island of Ascension is rated as a man-of-war), the Cinque Ports and the Marsh (separately or together) are among the oldest, if not the very oldest, owners of a Parliament in this country. The district, owing to the valour of its sailors, and its peculiar services to the country, became a little constitutional monarchy while all the rest of England was in howling darkness, so far as rights and privileges, power over the purse, and representation go. It had its own assembly, or court, its own officers, its own control over taxation, and its own constitutional monarch, the Warden. The Confederation of the Cinque Ports, in the words of Professor Montagu Burrows, "has enjoyed the singular felicity of having taken, on the one hand, a leading part in establishing the constitutional history of England, and,

on the other, of having supplied the chief weapon used by the Kings in the consolidation of its territory, and the restoration of its sovereignty over the narrow seas."

The "seat" of this unique government was, in ancient days, just by Lympne Castle, where the old "stone street," the Roman road to Canterbury, comes to the edge of Lympne Hill. Here, like the old Athenian citizens on their hill, the representatives of the Cinque Ports met at "Shepway Cross" and looking over the flats below to the blue waters where their fleets rode, just as the Athenians did across the strait to "sea-borne Salamis," passed laws and held judgment under the open sky. The Court of Shepway, like all ancient English courts, was always held in the open air. It was at once the Parliament of the Confederation, and its Court of Justice. The "first Lord Warden" is said to have been Godwin, Earl of Kent, the father of King Harold. The Lord Warden had to be sworn in at this



M. C. Cottam.

THE CLIFF WALK.

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court, and there, close to the church, by the roadside, where irises and blackberries blossom, justice and judgment, policy and finance were duly dealt with by the barons, jurats, and selected freemen. The representatives all sat in a regular order of precedence. On the right of the Lord Warden was the Mayor of Dover, on the left the Mayor of Sandwich; the third place on the right was reserved for the Mayors of Hastings, the fourth places right and left belonged to the Mayors of Romney and Hythe respectively. It is thought that the choice of Lympne for this court may probably have been due to the fact that the Roman Limenarch, or guardian of the harbours of this coast, had his headquarters there.

To understand why a Roman port and fortress lay just down at the bottom of the hill, it is necessary to remember that in those days the river Rother ran just under the slopes, or "roughs," as they are called. The Roman castle was garrisoned by a Flemish regiment from Tournay. It is quite possible, as Mr. Roach Smith conjectures, that the harbour was already partly silted up when the Studfall Castle was built, for it belongs to a time when the Roman power was weakening. Landslips have in some places turned these walls quite upside down, and Lanfranc borrowed hewn stones from them to build part of his church. The lovely old castellated house of Lympne Castle itself—partly Edwardian and partly later, with a west tower which is, perhaps, much older—shows from its fortifications what precautions even an Archdeacon of Canterbury had to take to avoid being burnt in his bed if he lived in sight of the pirate-haunted and narrow seas. It is a crenellated house, not a mere castle, and recalls in a measure Stokesay, or the older parts of that fine old Edwardian house, Yanworth Hall, near Penrith. The lower walls are in places 5ft. thick; and, though the interior has been altered, the old hall, once reaching up to the roof, is there, only subdivided, and the great kitchen fireplaces remain.



W. A. J. Hensler.

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PORCH OF LYMPNE CHURCH.

The outbuildings are in parts coeval with the house.

The church almost adjoins the castle, and seen together the two are very imposing. The Norman interior of the former, with its Early English modifications, is most striking. It suggests immemorial antiquity in its dignity and repose. The dog-tooth mouldings were chopped out by the axes of Lanfranc's men. There is just that want of finish which goes straight back to primitive life and thought. You might almost expect to hear the clash of the Norman barons' armour, as the wearers stalked up to the altar.

Descending the long steep road of Lympne Hill, past the ruins of a chapel built for a small hamlet called West Hythe, you find that at the foot of the hills, for further westward than the eye can see, runs the line of the great military moat made by Pitt to resist Napoleon's threatened invasion, while by the verge of the sea, from Dymchurch to Hythe, is the series of massive Martello towers to keep the ships at bay. The whole is linked up with a citadel called the "Great Redoubt," a strong fortress well covered by its glacis. Even now it would be formidable. To-day the whole of these centuries' record of the fear of war only emphasises the feeling of profound and smiling peace. On the

flanks of the rampart behind the military canal, where the guns once stood, long-woollen lazy sheep lie ruminating and gazing into the waters below, as if desirous of conversing with the shoals of tench that swim there. Thousands more sheep graze the close-cropped reclamation of the Marsh. Ancient thorn trees white with blossom shower their petals on the grass, thousands of acres of yellow turnip blossom and paler yellow swede-flower delight the eye and scent the air, and unnumbered larks rise and sing in the bright blue sky above. For a long time the Marsh farmers enjoyed almost the monopoly of the growth of turnip seed for the market. Apparently reclaimed soil is peculiarly suited to



M. C. Cottam.

MARSH MALLOWS.

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this expensive, but often very remunerative, crop. Now, Lincolnshire and parts of Germany compete heavily with the Marsh farms in its production. Looking down from the heights, the great drains which intersect the Marsh seem like silver snakes, lying outstretched across the land. Viewed from their banks, these drains, now and anciently known as "sewers"—which is a very good old English word, and never intended to be used as a synonym for a dirty town drain—are seen to be most carefully maintained. The lower parts are fenced, below the water as well as above, with wattle, to prevent the earth from falling in. The smaller cuts are also cleared of weeds and reeds frequently. It will be noticed that the Marsh is so ancient a reclamation—the works have gone on from century to century from Roman and Norman days—that the terminology in use is all English, not Dutch, as is the case in the marshes reclaimed in the Stuart days. The great sea defence between Dymchurch and Hythe, which has lately been almost rebuilt, is a piece of home industry of which we have reason to be proud, though the freeholders of the Marsh, who had to pay for it, and whose last contribution of £20,000 has only lately been cleared off, probably regard it with mixed feelings.

Beyond the Dymchurch Wall, towards Hythe, the fact that the "eastward drift" of the pebbles is still a working force is shown very clearly. There have been constant additions to the outer layers and constant progress eastward, rendering a wall there unnecessary, in view of the mile or so of shingle on which are the musketry ranges of the Hythe schools of instruction. But the eastward movement is accompanied by a thrust to the left, which tends to push these hundreds of acres of stones inland, an impulse much aided when, as sometimes happens, after a tidal wave, the sea comes over for some hours. There is an "over-spill" of this beach on to the fields. In places you may view the strange sight of old gnarled oaks, which must have seen two centuries, growing out of sea-pebbles. In other places, again, the pebbles of more ancient date have become covered with humus and grass,

on which flocks of sheep feed in winter, when the grass is green; in summer it all withers away.

The whole maintenance of the Marsh drains and the Marsh walls is still under the ancient court of the Lords of the Level and Jurats, presided over by the High Bailiff of Romney Marsh. This unique *imperium in imperio*, ruling the levels, levying "Scot," or taxes, at its good pleasure, and so far surpassing the power even of King Canute, that, unlike the Danish monarch, it could keep the sea at bay, has its seat of government at Dymchurch, within sound of the sea that beats in vain against the famous rampart of Dymchurch Wall. A very ancient settlement is Dymchurch, for the building from which it takes its name has a Norman moulding over its inner door, and a curiously-flattened arch of the same style at the west end of its chancel. It is a small village, with hardly a street. But in it stands a good square-built brick building, well timbered within, and with many chambers, known as the Court House. Close by is the Ship Inn, an ancient hostelry, where for centuries the Lords of the Level, the Jurats, the High Bailiff, and other officials have refreshed the inner Bailiff, or Lord, or Jurat, after their duties of judgment and justice have been completed. Not even in the Court House at Lyndhurst, with its seats of hewn oak, and its prisoner's bar of the same, is there a more abiding sense of a local and peculiar jurisdiction than in the Dymchurch Court House. Two officials have a right to live there—the Clerk to the Court, and the Expeditor, that being the ancient name of the engineer permanently in the service of the court.

As a rule the clerk has not occupied his quarters, he being usually aforesome, as now, a lawyer residing in a county town. But the present clerk keeps all the fittings and antiquities in the court in beautiful order, and has added several appropriate pieces of furniture. The entrance-hall, stone paved, has on one side a seat, made of a long, thick slab of oak, hewn from a single tree. On this for generations the men employed on the levels have sat while waiting for their money on pay nights. In this hall hang a brass-barrelled blunderbuss and



M. C. Cottam.

WINDING LIKE A SILVER SNAKE.

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sword, part of a small armoury purchased to protect the court from possible French invasions in the early part of the last century, the price of which is duly noted in the accounts. Heavy steel handcuffs also suspended there were probably intended for British malefactors. Ancient maps, deeds, account-books with parchment bindings, copies of the old charters—with the said charters' very free and easy Latin translated into decorous legal English—and histories of the Marsh, are on the shelves. "Wallias et water-gaugias" (walls and water-gauges) are specimens of Romney Marsh Latinity, which the present writer has not met elsewhere. In one room a fine Elizabethan oak table, contemporary with the house, has at its head a curious oak armchair, contemporary with the table, purchased, as the accounts show, for the High Bailiff to sit in and preside at the meetings of the lords and the jurats. Here, too, are the monuments, some of them kept in a curious old safe or iron cupboard, made at the Carron iron works, where the caronnades were also made to batter the French ships with. This is the chamber where all the business of the preservation of the Marsh is and has been carried on. Upstairs is a fine square room, well and rather elaborately fitted up as a court of justice, for the Corporation had very wide and extensive judicial powers. The fittings are probably contemporary with the building, and much resemble the very earliest post-Reformation pews, with the same heads to the bench-ends. The prisoner's dock is gone, but the Royal Arms are over the judge's seat, and thick volumes of records testify to the severity of the sentences passed and the offences dealt with. Fines for



W. A. J. Hensler.

LYMPNE CASTLE.

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false weight, years of imprisonment, and in some cases sentence of death, are recorded; but those condemned capitally seem to have escaped execution. A sergeant-bailiff, with a fine official uniform, was the executive officer of this court. Three prisoners' cells with oak doors 6in. thick, pierced by a little hinged window

to pass in bread and water, plank floors with no beds, and very thick iron gratings in the one window, over which a flap-shutter of 4in. oak, pierced only with auger-holes, was closed at night, show that the court could imprison whom it thought fit on the spot. That these unfortunates had to spend long weeks or months there seems certain, for there is an entry for payment of a man for watching by night for six weeks outside these cells, possibly to give notice of any attempt at rescue. As a "lock up" to put a prisoner in for one night these cells might pass, but they must have been simple torture-chambers for a longer time; yet until the other day under the Tol House at Yarmouth men imprisoned for debt were kept in places almost as bad, which a Norfolk historian, himself a man of the law, described as being some of the worst places in which a prisoner "was ever left to rot." Now they are curiosities, though possibly a drunken person might be put into one for a night if necessary.

C. J. CORNISH.



W. A. J. Hensler.

GUARDING THE MARSH.

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FROM THE FARMS.

REARING CALVES.

A VERY practical and timely article on this subject is contributed by Mr. W. T. Lawrence to the current number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture. He quite properly assumes that, except in the case of the poor milking breeds of cows, the calf should not be allowed to suck its dam. If allowed to do so, it will consume about six quarts of new milk a day, the wholesale value of which is about 9d.; a calf fed at that expense could never be sold at a profit, unless it came of pedigree stock and brought a fancy price in the market. Even in the case of bulls he is of opinion that good, well-grown bulls can be reared without much new milk. For a calf-house he recommends "a spacious lean-to building on the south side of a higher one," and he would have it lighted by means of single panes of glass at regular intervals in the roof. A concrete floor is recommended with no drains, either open or covered. The floor is littered with an inch or so of well-broken moss litter, and this is covered with a fair bedding of straw. Day by day a little extra straw is added, and at the end of a week the pen is cleared out. After that moss litter only is used, a bucketful being scattered on the top

when it appears to be needed, and about once in three weeks the pens are thoroughly cleared out. Moss litter, it will be seen, is used instead of a drain, dependence being placed on its absorbent and deodorising qualities. "It will thus be seen," says Mr. Lawrence, "that provision is made for a comfortable and dry bed, sunlight and fresh air, while an incentive is given to exercise on the part of calves by the sense of companionship." It is essential, especially in cold weather, that the first food of the new-born calf should be raised as high as that of milk before it leaves the udder, for obviously if milk passes into a can it must lose in temperature by exposure to cold air. Until it is eight weeks old the calf gets three meals a day, viz., at 6.30 a.m., 12.30 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. The substitutes used for the natural cream are boiled linseed, ground linseed, and cod-liver oil. The chief points about these articles are, boiled linseed should be thus prepared: 2lb. should be put at night to soak in 3gal. of water, boil, and stir the next day for 20min., and 5min. before the boiling is finished add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour. In regard to the ground linseed, the linseed should be obtained unground, in order to have it done by ordinary millstones, thus securing the whole of the oil. By the addition of one part of Indian meal to seven of the linseed it will be prevented from clogging the

sity for the farmer to remain idle, and in the dry, wholesome atmosphere the actual cold is but little felt. The agricultural future of Canada is undoubtedly a great one, and in parts of the Alberta country there are vast tracts of land which are eminently adapted for farming; in North Alberta, in particular, the soil seems to be especially adapted for growing heavy crops of oats, large quantities of which were supplied for the use of the horses employed during the South African War. Splendid crops of wheat are raised in Southern Alberta, and, taken as a whole, few more suitable localities can be found for anyone intending to settle as a farmer. Hard work and energy are necessary factors in such an undertaking, and although the life is healthy and interesting, it is by no means one of luxury, at all events at the commencement. Some idea of the everyday life of an Alberta farmer may be gathered from the picture here given of a small homestead in that country.

BREEDING HORSES IN CANADA.

It is a somewhat curious fact that—in spite of our experience during the South African War, which, one would think, should certainly have brought it home to the minds of those in authority—although England is essentially a horse-breeding country, yet the supply of horses suitable for military

purposes of every description is, as far as numbers go, far below what it should be, and entirely inadequate to meet any sudden emergency such as that which occurred at the time of the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa. It will doubtless be remembered that on that occasion not only were all sorts of home-bred animals, totally unsuitable for the purpose, pressed into the Service, but that, as time went on, foreign sources of supply had to be requisitioned, and that in the majority of cases these animals were bought at absolutely ruinous prices, that they were at the time of purchase in shockingly poor condition, and that vast numbers of them proved to be totally unfit for use. Canada, which is a country of great resources from many diverse points of view, is busily engaged in developing her agricultural potentialities. Year by year her output of wheat and other cereal crops is increasing by leaps and bounds, and the leading farmers and breeders have taken into serious consideration the improvement of the horses bred in the country; it is, as a matter of fact, only a few weeks ago that Ailes d'Or, a beautifully-bred stallion, by Melton out of Golden Wings, was shipped to Canada by the Cobham Stud, and other well-bred sires and mares have been, and still are being, bought for exportation to the same country. That plenty of horses for what may be called general utility purposes are bred in the Dominion

is evidenced by the fact that there is a very ready market for the numbers of Canadian horses sent to this country. Many of them are purchased by the great omnibus companies, and also by those commercial houses which have to employ animals of the type known as "light vanners." Moreover, not a few good hunters have been picked up cheaply enough at the repository sales of Canadian horses. From a purely agricultural point of view it is worthy of notice that the average type of horse in use on the farms in Canada is a hardy, active animal, with plenty of power and substance, sound constitution, and the best of legs and feet. The picture given will convey an excellent notion of the general stamp of the Canadian farm horse.



A HOMESTEAD IN ALBERTA.

milk. In regard to cod-liver oil, if it could be bought at 4s. 6d. per gallon, it is a cheap substitute for cream. A tablespoonful is measured in a calf's bucket, and the warm separated milk poured on to it, and the mixture poured into another bucket to mix the oil well and to emulsify it. The dietary for the first six months is as follows: "First week—Its own mother's warm milk three times a day, commencing with about a quart, and increasing to two quarts by the third day. Second week—Two quarts of warm new milk (not necessarily its own mother's) three times a day. Third week—Two pints of new and three pints of skim (or separated) milk three times a day, with half a pint of linseed porridge, or half a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil. Fifth week—Three quarts of warm skim milk three times a day, with one pint of linseed porridge or one tablespoonful of cod-liver oil, and a little sweet meadow hay, increased week by week. Ninth week—Omit midday milk and cream substitute. Give five quarts of separated milk morning and evening, a handful of broken linseed cake (6oz.) at midday, and hay, increasing week by week. Thirteenth week—Milk as before, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. mixed linseed cake and crushed oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. pulped swedes (greenmeat in summer), gradually increasing, hay *ad lib.* Twenty-first week—Milk as before, 1lb. of mixed linseed cake and meal, increasing quantities of hay and roots. Twenty-fourth week—Discontinue evening milk. Twenty-seventh week—Discontinue milk altogether."

FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA.

Neither the climate nor the manner of living in Western Canada is such as to entail serious hardships or privations upon those who settle in that region. The climate, taken as a whole, is healthy and bracing, and there is plenty of bright sunshine. The winters are severe, but in spite of snow and frost there is no neces-



CANADIAN FARM HORSES.

HOCKEY: ENGLAND v. IRELAND.

THE game of hockey, which not so very many years ago was looked upon more as an amusement for schoolboys, or as an excuse for a friendly "knock up" on the ice, than as one of the serious games for grown-up folks, has definitely taken its place amongst the outdoor sports of the day. It is now played in a much more scientific manner, and is not only a most excellent game in itself, but is one of great interest to the onlookers, as well as to the players themselves. There could certainly not have been any doubt as to the keenness and appreciation of the points of the game which obtained among the 3,000 or 4,000 spectators who assembled to watch the decision of the International game between England and Ireland on Saturday, the 25th inst. The hopes of the Irish party ran high that they might succeed in repeating last year's victory over their Saxon foes; but, gallantly as they tried and well as they



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THE IRISH GOAL IN DANGER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

characteristically brilliant attack, which for a time threatened to become dangerous, but the English side rallied, and pulling themselves together, obliged Holmes to clear. The Irish insides then put in a well-planned run, but it was beautifully stopped by



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ENGLAND SCORES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

played, it was not to be, and after a struggle far more even than the score would suggest, they had to put up with a defeat which was, after all, a long way removed from being a disgrace.

As soon as the play began the Irish team opened out a

Boycott. A. S. B. Ranger, the Leicester player, only just failed to score for England, and soon Holmes once more saved from Pethick, who not long afterwards scored the only goal of the first half for England. It is perhaps only fair to say that both Ranger and Peel contributed not a little to Pethick's success.

Pethick was again to the fore when the game was restarted, and his dribble down the field, during the course of which he managed to dodge three clever opponents, was well worthy of the goal which was its just reward. Not a bit disheartened by the way in which the game was going against them, Ireland dashed into the attack; the left wing forwards played up for all they were worth, and Hewson scored. Some two or three minutes later a penalty corner went in favour of England. Horne missed the ball, but Pethick, always handy, scored the third goal for England. For the rest of the game the play was more even, and the



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A HOT ATTACK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ish team never once lost heart; in fact, G. C. Smyth, the player from Cork, was within an ace of scoring, and was only just stopped in time by Parker. Before the call of time Peel managed to beat the Irish goal-keeper, and the game ended by 4 goals to 1 in favour of England. The English side appeared to be rather better masters of hockey tactics than their opponents. Criticism is always a rather difficult

task, but it certainly did appear as though Holmes might have saved the third goal scored by England, and the same team were certainly favoured by luck in the fourth goal, which was not very far removed from being "offside." For the Irish team



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TAKING A ROLL IN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

R. McWilliam and M. Hewson played well and consistently, and Pethick and Blatherwick distinguished themselves throughout the day for England, and were, taking it all round, probably the two best exponents of the game as it was played on Saturday.

Hockey is unquestionably a good game, and one in which pace tells even more than in Association football. It has besides the

advantage—to men over twenty-five—of not entailing such severe punishment in the shape of bruises, and the growing popularity of the game is evidenced by the increased difficulty that football clubs find in keeping up their numbers.

LANDSCAPE AND THE CAMERA.

WHilst no one who has watched the latter-day progress of artistic landscape photography will hesitate to admit that a large proportion of it, perhaps the greater part, has been cradled in the broad marsh country which witnesses the meeting of so many of our more slothful rivers with the sea, the vogue of the estuary and salttings only indicated a state of transition; and

if, as has so often happened, the photographer found it easier to learn some of the first principles of art among the simpler surroundings of the marsh, it was only that he might carry them out with greater purpose in the uplands, and amidst the more complex details of crag and moorland, mountain and forest.

Before the photographer learnt that the making of a picture consisted of something more than holding a mirror to Nature,



Charles Job.

A MOUNTAIN TARN.

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and that the painter's aim is not to copy the scene before him, but to give a personal interpretation of it, the indiscriminate inclusiveness of his process betrayed the photographer and presented him with what might be admirable as a likeness, but was remarked to be lifeless and wholly wanting in power to stir the emotions. Then some few, inspired perhaps by the quaint charm of Dutch landscape, or merely seeking new fields for representation, found their way to the great wastes which border the North Sea, where, having traversed the rich pastoral land of Suffolk or Essex, tranquil rivers like the Orwell, the Blackwater, the Deben, fold back on either bank or heap up in their midst vast banks of ooze which, with more subtle iridescence than the water itself, caught every change of light, responded to every passing shadow, and from them all wove a veil of beauteous colour, beneath which this mere mud loses all loathsomeness. Mile after mile beyond these mud-banks stretches the salt marsh of most vivid green, jewelled here and there with the nodding plumes of golden flowers, and intersected throughout all its thousand acres by countless "rills," narrow inlets from the sea, which, except at ebb-tide, gleam with all the prismatic hues of rippled water. Scarcely a feature of any kind interrupts the clear sweep of the horizon. This quivering, bog-like region, half land, half sea, though richly fertile, as witness its abundant verdure, supports no tree, and scarce anything but the pursuing cloud-shadows, and the play of light and shade catches the eye, or perhaps an abandoned boat stranded on the soft mud, which anon will engulf it, a weather-worn post, the remains of some primitive beacon; all else is a flat waste, its emulsive mass groined and grooved with such unctuous curves as only wind and water can carve.

In this strange region there were a few who paused—perhaps it was the glory of an uninterrupted pageant of cloudland which arrested attention, perhaps the unusual spread of colour caused astonishment; but here with only sky, atmosphere, light, and shade, and a few elementary masses and lines, the photographer was brought face to face with what the landscape artist must ever seek—simplicity.

Again and again pictures made by photography of such simple material as that just suggested, commanded general admiration, ridiculous as it seemed to some that one should attempt to make a picture of such a scene, until photographers came to see that in such a place where there was so little to interest, in the ordinary sense, no incident or curious fact to record, the lens and its responding plate, which will portray a

multitude as readily as a single unit, was cheated out of its wonted excesses, and a pleasing disposition of light and shade, the harmony of a few simple lines, the aerial elusiveness of distance, secured the attention which in a more crowded composition would have been diverted by the appeal of more assertive features.

The painter or draughtsman who depicts a scene is restrained from putting in more than is necessary to convey the impression, if by nothing better, the mere irksomeness of the labour of it; not so the photographer, whose difficulty—perhaps whose chief difficulty—is to leave out anything which is present in the scene; and then how, with little or no art training, shall he know what to leave out? But in these simple flat country themes there was nothing to leave out, and his pictures were, generally speaking, the better in an inverse ratio to the amount and variety of physical facts included.

Of course, the pioneers of this marshland school soon had a host of incompetent imitators, who copied the manner but missed the motive; but many others, and to English landscape photography generally, this "mudbank" photography, as it was facetiously called, meant the beginning of a movement in the right direction, the instilling of principles and the practice of methods which would apply in other scenes and under other circumstances, but which might never have been found where the problem of pictorial representation is more involved.

Until the recent development of artistic landscape photography amongst the Viennese amateurs, whose striking and often bizarre creations find acceptance with few but connoisseurs, Great Britain was almost alone in its application of photography to the purely artistic rendering of landscape, and the pre-eminent position which it still holds is, perhaps, largely due to those very atmospheric conditions which commonly call forth the anathemas of the unthinking. Rarely, indeed, is the atmospheric veil entirely uplifted from our landscape scenes, leaving nothing of mystery. Each plane falls behind the other by reason of the intervening atmosphere, until the distance melts into the horizon clouds; in the hollow of the escarpment there lurks a scarce visible haze, which makes a playground for the imagination, and fancy revels where the lower clouds envelop the mountain peak, and cling lovingly in misty wreaths to the crevices of the foothills.

No greater fallacy exists than that indicated by the remark one frequently hears as to the photographic advantages offered by the climate of Italy, for instance, in that the skies are clearer.



A. Horsley Hinton.

THE COMING OF THE STORM.

Copyright



A. Horsley Hinton.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

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and the light more intense. The beauty of the landscape is far greater when only half revealed, for then, by the obliteration of a considerable part of the detail, the larger masses have a certain dignity imparted to them, and the photographer is presented, ready made, with another essential quality of a true picture which every artist must seek to obtain, namely, repose.

At the beginning of these remarks it was suggested that, viewed aright, aesthetic pleasure might be derived even from the piled-up mud of a tidal river; so also rain, which is regarded by the average man with anything but delight, possesses a beauty all its own which is unknown to the perpetual dweller in the city. But see the lowering cloud pressing down over the distant hills, creeping towards us with its purple gloom until, with a rushing sound, it discharges its contents like a curtain, like a pillar of grey smoke which the swirling wind of its own creation brushes aside, carrying it further down the valley in a great sob of anguish, a passionate outburst of grief, followed with oh! such radiance as the cloud passes! Here is surely more appeal to the picture-maker, whether he be painter or photographer, than when the blaze of uninterrupted sunlight searches everywhere, revealing everything, so that the photograph can hardly be otherwise than an inventory of the infinite contents of Nature's storehouse. So the photographer is enjoined not to count too much on fair weather, but rather to wait upon Nature in secluded places what time in her caprice she proffers that with which the artist's picture should be instinct, namely, emotion.

Simplicity, repose, emotion, all abstract qualities, without which the photograph will be but a mechanical copy—a clever specimen of craftsmanship, perhaps, or a wonderful example of modern scientific process—yet, with these qualities infused into the work they, like a spirit, need the material body in which to dwell. So we have the concrete quality of composition equally important with the attributes already mentioned, but placed here last of all because the importance of it is too often overrated, or at least is attended to, to the disregard of all else.

Now it may be remarked that I have not considered the possibility of the photographer introducing by after treatment, or by personal control of development or printing, artistic character to an otherwise commonplace record; and I have purposely confined myself to that aspect of pictorial work in which the photographer is content to watch and wait for Nature's favourable moods, instead of attempting to mould her according to his own knowledge and judgment. And this because any gain that there may be in such power of control is compensated for by as

much danger. For if once we begin to alter Nature—to eliminate something we deem best omitted, or to introduce something the presence of which we think desirable—we may, for want of knowledge, for want of keen perception, so easily introduce an incongruity; whereas, if we but find the right occasion, our process has such unique properties of truth and harmony. What known method can so perfectly render the subtle gradation of mist, of rain, or the sunlit haze which follows it? What means has any one of so truthfully portraying that rare quality known to artists as "tone," or of delineating with such exactness forms, the slightest departure from which may entirely change the character? And so, unless under exceptional circumstances, or by way of experiment, the photographer may be safely recommended to reserve himself for just those moments when Nature's mood suits the requirements of artistic rendering. These may be rare, though not so rare as we think, when once we have taught ourselves to be on the alert for them. And so with the more material quality of composition; it should be the fact that this or that scene does compose well that should determine the photographer's selection of it, not the objects or features which it comprises. The well-balanced arrangement, the harmony of its various parts, in short, the composition, is the thing that should strike one first; and then this good composition, like a shapely body, should be made the vehicle of those other qualities to which reference has been made.

Right exposure, discreet focussing, good development, these may all be learnt with a little application; but when acquired will only end in the making of mere photographs, useful, perhaps, in a limited sense, but wholly unsatisfying, if we wish our pictures to bring back to us the thrill and deeper meaning of a country life.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.

SOME recent experiences with the several new brands of plates manufactured by Messrs. Wellington and Ward leave one wondering to what excellence the making of dry plates in this country may ultimately reach, if, indeed, greater be obtainable. Compare the rapid plate of to-day with the highest production of, say, ten years ago, and one obtains some clue to the wider field now covered by photography, and the greater accuracy and more pleasing effect obtained. The extensive works at Elstree, which have gradually grown with the increasing business founded by Mr. Wellington, have until recently been devoted to the manufacture of bromide papers and other printing media, and more latterly to the making of rollable films; but now this firm, having won so good a reputation for their other products, are making plates, in some three or four brands, which may be relied on to be in no way inferior to their companion productions. It is the "Speedy" and the "Iso. Speedy" plates

April 1st, 1905.

that will find most acceptance at the hands of those who photograph life in the country; while the "Landscape" plate, a slower brand, having a speed of less than half that of the above-mentioned, will be the safest for use in general for outdoor work. Being especially sensitive to green, it in very many cases gives an orthochromatic effect, with a finely graduated image, free from fog. Whilst a pyrographic developer is recommended by the makers, all the Wellington plates will be found to respond most satisfactorily to other developers in general use. Bad plates are not now often met with, but the assurance of an absolutely reliable and good plate, such as those just mentioned, certainly is no small contributory to successful work, and gives that confidence which wins success.

It is not often that the work of a photographer possesses such variety of interest, yet withal maintaining an unmistakable stamp of individuality, as is seen in the twenty or thirty examples of photographic pictures by Mr. Alexander Keighley which now occupy the walls of the Camera Club in Charing Cross Road, and are available to the public on presentation of card between 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. This "one man" show constitutes an object-lesson of rare interest, from which one would imagine the amateur can hardly fail to derive valuable lessons. The subjects include some remarkable studies of peasant life, which alternately remind one of the paintings of Jean François Millet and Joseph Israels. Notable amongst these is "Grace Before Meat," the severe simplicity of the composition and the restrained effects of light and shade infusing the picture with poetic and almost reverential feeling. But it is of that vigorous French master, Corot, that Mr. Keighley reminds us in his "Spring Idyll" and several other landscapes. These are in more cheerful key, as is also his "White Sail," a beautiful composition, true in tone and just sufficiently vigorous in contrast. On the whole, Mr. Keighley's Camera Club Exhibition affords a real enjoyment to anyone interested in pictures as well as photography, whilst the tasteful treatment of the walls on which they are hung, which is also due to the author of the pictures, forms an appropriate setting, which his works well deserve.

LITERARY NOTES.

PROBABLY there is no writer who knows more about the Irish peasantry, their ways, superstitions, and prejudices than does Miss Jane Barlow.

By Beach and Bogland (Unwin, 6s.) is a collection of tales of varying degrees of interest; three or four of them are distinctly below her best work, simplicity being carried to the verge of childishness, but the majority are delightful sketches, tragic, humorous, or touching. They have a distinct charm of their own, the outcome of sympathy and kindness rather than of any striking literary quality.

Many readers will be tempted to envy Mrs. Alfred Cock the good luck that attended a certain morning drive into the heart of Surrey, when she not only discovered her ideal village, but also the quaint old house which she had the joy of converting into her ideal home. She tells all about it in her *Country Diary* (Allen), together with many things about her village, and the ways thereof. There is an agreeable atmosphere about the "Diary" which suggests daintiness, well-ordered surroundings, with a sufficiency of material and intellectual pleasure; the unattainable ideal of many city toilers. The two short stories at the end of the volume are so good of their kind that the reader is induced to hope that Mrs. Cock may find time to write a novel. May we remind her that it is quite possible to imagine a charming love story that owes nothing to the breaking of the marriage bond nor to the shadow of the Divorce Court.

It is generally a mistake for an author to use a story for the purpose of expounding political opinions and airing social grievances. Mrs. Fraser-Tyler writes wisely and temperately upon half-a-dozen vexed questions, but she does it at unreasonable length, and not always at the most appropriate moments, in *His Reverence the Rector* (Long, 6s.). The story itself is slight, just a chapter in the history of a decorous county family, which includes the inevitable reckless eldest son, and his steady, somewhat priggish younger brother—the rector. As usual, the modern prodigal's return, unrepentant, affords but transient delight to his people; it upsets domestic arrangements, the family temper, and the morals of the village. How the rector restores the family fortunes the reader shall discover for himself; he will find it an agreeable task, for in spite of the drawbacks alluded to it is a thoroughly interesting story, charmingly written, as are all Mrs. Fraser-Tyler's novels.

Another good all-round novel is *Rosamond Grant* (Long, 6s.), one of Mrs. Lovett-Cameron's most successful stories. Rosamond is a devoted daughter, with almost a passion for self-sacrifice, which leads her into some quite unnecessary tribulations. She is a lovable type of womanhood, and an admirable contrast to her handsome, scheming step-mother, who is unscrupulous in her virtues of any sort, and who makes all the mischief required of her, and then obligingly runs away with a French count and is heard of no more. It is a cleverly constructed story, and all the characters are exceptionally well drawn, though the precocious twins, who attempt to play the part of Providence in Rosamond's love affairs, are less amusing than the author clearly intended them to be.

A greater contrast to the two preceding books could hardly be found than *Mademoiselle Nellie*, by Lucas Cleeve (Long, 6s.). It is a very unpleasant story, and though no doubt it will find a market, there are people neither prudish nor narrow-minded who would prefer not to see it in their daughters' hands. Nellie's mother is a widow, a hard, vulgar woman, guilty of lying, theft, and general disreputable conduct. As a climax, knowing herself about to give birth to an illegitimate child, she applies to her innocent, high-minded daughter to assist her in the necessary arrangements for the event. Later, when they return home bringing the baby, the mother allows her neighbours to believe that it is Nellie's child. It is a hideous plot, and there is nothing in the tone or treatment of the story that in any way mitigates the disgust aroused by the subject of it.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. T. Bingham's work on *Indian Butterflies*, published by Taylor and Francis, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, will be of very great service to the lepidopterist for identification purposes. Only the first volume has as yet appeared, which deals with two out of six of the great families of butterflies, and also includes a brief introductory chapter on the metamorphoses and general morphology of lepidoptera. In this introduction the connections between the external structure and the systematic classification are treated in detail, numerous explanatory diagrams being given, illustrating the venation of the wings in each family, and also the external characters of antennae met with in butterflies. The author has avoided using the term of "species" throughout the work, substituting for it that of "form," which certainly seems more satisfactory when dealing with lepidoptera, as it is more suggestive of the possibility of change, while "species" is apt to unconsciously convey the idea of fixity. The introductory chapter concludes with a key to the various families, and a genetic tree showing the relation which these families bear to each other. Then follows a systematic index giving the sub-families and genera contained in the two families, nymphalidae and nemeobiidae, which are dealt with in this volume. The description of these families is accompanied by a large number of black and white figures, and also by ten coloured plates, executed by Mr. Horace Knight. For the purpose of making the colours of the butterflies more evident, the plates have been done on a tinted ground, the advantage of which, though not apparent to any great extent in the present volume, will, no doubt, be much more evident when the pieridae or "whites" are so figured. At the commencement of the description of each

family is given a key to the sub-families contained therein. Similarly a key to the genera in each sub-family, and to the forms or species in each genera, is placed at the commencement of each sub-family and each genus. By means of the diagnoses of these classified lists, it is comparatively easy to determine to what genus a specimen should be referred. Then by reference to the key of the sub-families and genera, and the specific table, the form may be identified. To each of the sub-families is attached a brief and concise account of the forms of ova, larvae, pupae, and imagines which occur in that sub-family. Similarly in the case of a genus, a short description is given of the general shape of imago that is typical in that genus. There is also given a short note on the habits of the members of each sub-family, in regard to their mode of life, and means of protection from their various foes. Thus, for instance, the sub-family danaidae are noticed as having an acrid, disagreeable odour and taste, accompanied by a tough, leathery consistency of body that to a certain extent evidently protects them from their insectivorous enemies. The satyrinae, on the other hand, by the colour and shape of their wings when closed, are evidently intended to mimic dead or decaying leaves, and other vegetation. The plan on which the description of the forms is based is sound, the author first dealing with the imago state, describing in detail both the shape and markings of the upper and under side of the two sexes, and the various



C. Rudd. HALF LAND, HALF SEA. Copyright

varieties met with. The expanse of the wing is then given both in millimetres and inches. The localities where the form is found are next enumerated, and the extent of its distribution commented upon. After this follows a description of the larva and the pupa, if they are known. The book, considered as a whole, is quite good, thoroughly scientific, and contains much interesting economic information. In fact, in so short a précis of it, justice can hardly be done to it, as it is full of scientific minutiae of a most engrossing style.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORPORATIONS AND WATER SUPPLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of the 25th ult., Mr. Willis Bund calls attention to the after-appropriation of compensation water by the Corporation of Birmingham; and whilst I fully agree with all he has written, I think that the objections may be considerably extended. It is no small tax on owners of property, and the residents affected, that they should be repeatedly put to the expense and annoyance of having to fight corporate bodies who attempt to take what does not belong to them, and who can levy rates which secure the real aggressors against personal loss if they fail; whereas those who are attacked have only their own pockets to fall back upon. It is only necessary to look at the condition of a number of large towns to see a reason for all this. Most towns have splendid rivers running through them, which are so polluted that they are scarcely even fit for purposes of navigation; and when the cry for more water is raised the only remedy they can suggest is to steal the pure water of some other district, because their own legitimate source has been rendered unfit for use by themselves. Thus Leeds and Bradford, with the river Aire as their natural supply, have appropriated the waters of the Washburn and Wharfdale Valleys and Bardon Moor. Wakefield turned the sewage of the town into the Calder, until the people could no longer use the water, and now have taken that from Rishworth. Manchester has taken Thirlmere, and has made the Irwell almost poisonous. The Derwent scheme will rob a magnificent valley of its splendid water, for power and other purposes, because Sheffield, Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham have fouled their own rivers. And the list might be extended; but enough has been said to show that what is now left as "compensation" is by no means secure. Money payments are no compensation when people and districts are robbed of that without which they cannot live.—G. T.

MOVING A HOLLY TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to the question of your correspondent "M. D." in your issue of March 25th, re the moving an old holly tree, I have had much experience in moving large trees, and in the case of a holly 100 years old I should not recommend the using of a tree machine if it can be avoided. If it has to be moved for some considerable distance, one of the machines in question would probably be the only means available, but if the distance is not great, the operation could be accomplished with much greater safety by cutting a channel round the sides, leaving a square block of soil and roots undisturbed. Then tunnel under the tree, and insert planks and rollers, and draw to its position with a multiplying crab and a strong cable round the ball. In this way 10 tons to 15 tons can be drawn with comparative ease.—JOSEPH CHEAL, Crawley.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to enquiry from "M. D." in your issue of March 25th, I should strongly recommend him not to move the tree without at least one year's preparation, which should consist of cutting a trench all round the tree—3ft. to 4ft. away from the trunk—and filling up with leaf-mould and fresh soil. In twelve months young fibrous roots will have been put out and the tree would remove quite safely.—J. E. S.

CATTLE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A great demand is growing up for first-class English cattle, sheep, and pigs for the Transvaal. At the same time, there is no doubt that South Africa is a most dangerous region for domestic animals, owing to the malignant diseases which prevail there. Messrs. Cooper, the well-known makers of sheep-dip, have bought two farms in South Africa in order to make experiments in killing the deadly ticks which destroy sheep so fast as to make it impossible to keep them. Large shipments of the finest Devon cattle are also being sent out, but the climate makes the risks very great. We believe that good market gardens near Johannesburg are very badly needed. This seems an opening for our Suttons and Carters.—COLONIST.

THE SPEED OF ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a letter which you printed a few weeks ago, Mr. Edward Sterling raised the question of the comparative speed of animals, and concluded that "so far as we know" a greyhound was the fastest creature on earth over a distance of ground. It may well be, as he avers, that there is no species of antelope in Africa that cannot be run down by a brace of greyhounds; but I think he leaves out of his calculation the omnivorous, inevitable ostrich, which, when really exerting itself, covers 12ft. or 15ft. at every stride, and, in racing slang, "can stay for ever." Mr. Rider Haggard in, I think, "Jess," calls the ostrich "the swiftest thing on all the earth," and that author's knowledge of natural history is not of a negligible quantity.—WORTLEY CLUTTERBUCK.

TIGHT BEARING-REINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me through the medium of your widely-read paper to put in a word against the unnecessary tightness of bearing-reins on so many London carriage horses? The motive, I am sure, is not cruelty, but the

result is. Besides, it is an absolute disfigurement to a good-looking horse to have his head tight, held at an unnatural angle to his shoulders. If coachmen and owners of carriage horses would only realise how peculiarly ugly and unbecoming a tight bearing-rein is to their horses' appearance, we should not see it so much abused. The test of a properly-adjusted bearing-rein is that, when a horse is standing, his head should be at the natural angle to his body, and his neck slightly arched. Used in this way it is neither painful nor unbecoming. Bearing-reins, like wine and many other good things, are excellent and useful in moderation. It is for moderation that I would plead.—HILDA MURRAY (of Elbank).

ANOTHER EPITAPH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A meddlesome incumbent of a parish near Rugby caused to be obliterated the following, which was inscribed on a tombstone raised in memory of a man of the name of Partridge:

"Oh! Death! fie! fie!
What! kill a partridge in July!"

—H. T. B., Ludlow.

FRUITARIAN NOT VEGETARIAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In thanking you for your most courteous reference to the success which has followed the treatment of patients at this hospital on a non-flesh dietary, may I point out that the hospital is not vegetarian, and is in no way connected with any vegetarian organisation whatever. The dietary is a carefully-arranged one, and is on fruitarian lines, and although patients are admitted without any reference to their previous habits of life, they invariably appear to improve on admission. Each patient is put upon the fruitarian dietary which is prescribed according to the needs of the individual case.—J. OLDFIELD, Lady Margaret Hospital, Bromley, Kent.

AN OAK STAIRCASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wish to procure banisters for an old oak staircase, or photographs which I might copy, as I am building an addition to my house. Possibly some of your readers may be able to help me.—M. D., Lockerbie House, N.B.

[We publish this letter, but further particulars as to style, whether English, French, German, etc., and as to thickness, and whether turned or carved, would assist in procuring the advice wanted.—ED.]

OLD AGE IN THE VILLAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not remember to have seen any particular reference to one stage of village life—the last stage—in which it seems to present a bright and cheerful contrast to the closing days of very old people in towns. I am speaking, of course, of those who have small means. In the poorer parts of London, for example, the very old people nearly all have to go and live in the workhouse, mainly because house-hire is so dear that it is quite impossible for them to pay the rent even of a single room, much less to rent a whole cottage, however humble. There is another reason, too. When past work and feeble, it is too dangerous for them to be about in the streets. They would be knocked down and killed while crossing the road before many weeks were over. Neither are there, except in some very favoured places, any warm corners where they can stand or sit all day in the sun out of doors. If there are, they are too weak to stand the jostle of the pavements in order to reach those spots. Contrast the very happy lot of the old men, and in some measure of the old women, in the village. With their parish allowance and help from friends, they can generally have either a cottage or a part of one. Thus, instead of going to the Union, they remain in their own village, among their acquaintances. With the aid of a couple of sticks, they get out every day; and all the spring and summer they can stand propped up against a bank, or stile, or wall, and say a word or two to passers-by, and hear a little news and gossip. There are generally several of these old veterans, who meet daily, and have at least the comfort of companionship, even if they do very little talking. They see all that is going on, too. Not long ago, I was in a large village where a most exciting event had taken place. A dial had been put to the church clock outside the tower, by public subscription, and it was the first day that it was uncovered. I found that a lady of the village, whom I wanted to see, and who with her family had done more for the poor people (and incidentally for the clock) than most, was up the tower looking at the inside of the clock, she being eighty-three. But that was nothing for her energy. What interested me down below was that four very old villagers, whose ages united amounted to something over three centuries, were sitting on the sunny slab covering a tomb, delightedly talking over this striking novelty. One of them was quite blind, but the others had led him there, and were carefully describing to him the appearance of the dial, so that he might know as much about it as anyone else. In the same village I remember as a child seeing every fine day an old sailor who had fought at Trafalgar, and had been one of the crew of the Bellerophon (the "Billyruffin" he used to call it), which took "Boney" to St. Helena. He had a pension and a cottage. Every fine day he used to camp out under the small clipped lime trees opposite his cottage, by the side of the street, surrounded by certain articles—to wit, a large and beautifully made model of the Victory, about 5ft. long, which was wheeled out on a kind of stand, a light deal table, a windsor chair, an odd little wooden figure of "Boney," which he had carved and painted on board the Bellerophon, and which he said was exactly like him, and a big Bible. He started reading this Bible when he was about seventy, and used to mark the place to which he got every day in his "log." It was a long business, as he had to spell out all the words, and I do not believe he understood much of the meaning. When he had completed the book, from Genesis to Revelation, he entered that in the log too, and "started from port" once again. Everyone used to stop and talk to him, and I think he was in his hundredth year when he died and found his final moorings in the peaceful haven of the churchyard.—C. J. CORNISH.

SURREY UNION HOUNDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am anxious to collect information bearing upon the past history of the Surrey Union Foxhounds, with the object of publishing a history of the pack, or of Hunting in Surrey, if sufficient material is available. I should be extremely obliged if anyone who may be in possession of old hunting journals, newspaper cuttings, and other memoranda, or who may have recollections of notable runs, or old times, would communicate with me. Any MS. or printed matter which anyone may be good enough to send me will be taken care of and duly returned.—GEORGE H. LONGMAN, late M.F.H., West Hill House, Epsom.

AN OLD SUSSEX COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph gives, I think, a fairly good idea of one of the oldest cottages in West Sussex. Rather more than a year ago it would not let, on account of its dilapidated condition; in fact, it might not be too much to say that it was unsafe and generally unfit to live in. However, Mr. Detmar Blow, a member of the Society for the Protection of Ancient



Buildings, whose name will be familiar to many of your readers, took the cottage in hand, with the agreeable result that it is now a comfortable and homely dwelling, and this has been achieved without prejudice to its distinctive characteristics. The principal change wrought has been in regard to the windows. The two front ones by the yew tree are old; all the others are new. Where formerly there was dullness within, sunlight now gets every chance. Floors have been lowered, ceilings show the beams, and much more room is made by the abolition of one of the two old staircases. Where the introduction of brick-work was essential, it has been done in a manner least likely to show its freshness; old materials have been used. Finally, old oak doors, stripped of their several layers of wallpaper, now show their real faces. In a word, an attractive relic of mediæval Sussex is saved from destruction.—(MRS.) EDWARD LEWIS.

HADDON CHAPEL.

[TO THE

EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am forwarding a photograph herewith that may interest you. It represents a corner of the old chapel of Haddon, showing old Norman font to the left and oaken chest to the right.—W. A. GEALE.

GOLD-FINCHES.

[TO THE

EDITOR.]

SIR,—On April 10th last year there were twenty-seven of these little birds all bobbing up and down round their dinner-tables on the lawn—the said tables being the daisies, off which they

were eating the table-cloths, so to speak, i.e., the outer rim of white petals. Bob-bob-bob go the beautiful little heads as they hop round and round each flower, and then make hurried bustling flight on to the next, so busy till an alarm sends them all up into the copper beech, where the spring sunshin shows up their golden sides. Presently down they drop again, with their swift, joyous little darts, and again the bob-bob-bobbing begins. The first pair came in about the beginning of the month, and had probably wintered on some thistle-growing waste ground in the thick of the coverts away from everywhere; the others dropped in in batches of from six to eight, till the tale of twenty-seven was complete. They breakfasted on daisies, spent the rest of the day in the kitchen garden, and came back to the lawn for a final feed about six o'clock. When the first crop of dandelions seeded they changed to them, and then, about the 20th or so, they spread themselves over the orchard, the plantations, and the village gardens. The old Blenheim had its nest as usual, and when the orchard showed that dazzling sheet of white blossom, that even the village people stopped in the drive to look at, there, if you knew exactly where to look, could be seen the dainty little black and red head of the lady watching from out her canopy of apple bloom. Could a fairer setting be devised for, perhaps, the most brilliant of our English birds?—B. V.

WALLFLOWER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At this time of year, when outdoor flowers are scarce, may I put in a word for the old perennial yellow wallflower. This has been flowering through snow and frost and rain since December, and is now, if one excepts crocuses, snowdrops, and aubrietas, the only bit of colour to be seen. Its leaves are so tough and hardy on dry soils and situations that they keep on all the year round. It does equally well among the stones of a wall garden as on a dry, sandy border. It is easily propagated, and its scent is as pleasing as its colour. It generally is able to stand a gale of wind, but if it should get blown over it soon picks up when stood on its feet again. I beg to enclose a photograph of my friend.—FRANK M. SUTCLIFFE, Whitby, Yorkshire.

